

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 237.—VOL. X.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.

[PRICE 4d.
Stamped 5d.]

REVIEW OF POLITICS.

The Lord Chancellor and his Bankruptcy Law.
How to Save our Starvelings.
The Brompton Oratory Case.
Vampires.
Ladies' Diaries.
The Bank of France and the Rate of Interest.

Theatrical Monopolists.
The Plaistow Murder.

THE CHURCH:—

London City Tithes.
Street Preaching.
Mr. Spurgeon no Controversialist.
The Irish National Association.
Dr. Colenso at Claybrook.

FINN ARTS:—

Music.—The London Theatres.

SCIENCE:—

Royal Geographical Society.
The Formation of Bogs and Morasses.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—

English Shareholders Abroad.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

The Nile Basin.
English America.
Cards and Conjuraction.
Musical Biography.

New Novels.

Children's Books.
The Tennyson Selections.
Studies for Stories.
Leaves from the Note-book of a Chief of Police.
The Scientific Periodicals.
Short Notices.
Literary Gossip.
List of New Publications for the Week.

REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE Government of Bavaria have replied with great spirit to the insolent note in which M. von Bismarck called them to account for the recent vote in the Diet in favour of the continuance of Federal execution in Holstein and Lauenberg. It will be recollected that a majority of the German States yielded to the pressure of the two Great Powers, and consented to the withdrawal of the Federal forces from territory which is as unquestionably Federal as Hesse-Darmstadt or Baden-Baden. Bavaria, however, stood out to the last, and refused to be a consenting party to the high-handed policy of Austria and Prussia. A more prudent minister than M. von Bismarck would have been satisfied with his victory. But this statesman finds a strange pleasure in adding insult to injury; and he could not, therefore, resist the temptation of telling Bavaria that it was very fortunate that she was defeated in the Diet, because, in the other event, Prussia would have taken the matter into her own hands, would have ejected the Federal troops, and broken up the Confederation. Herr von Pfordten is not the man to put up with such language as this. He reminds his correspondent that it has not hitherto been usual for one member of the Confederation to call another to account for votes given in the Diet; and he insists, in a tone which will hardly be palatable at Berlin, upon maintaining the absolute right of the King, his master, to act as an independent German sovereign. But the latter portion of his despatch is the most important. He is forced to believe that the real object of Von Bismarck's communication is to deter the Government of the King of Bavaria from every vote in the Federal Assembly to which the Prussian Government does not acknowledge its right. "Should this be so," remarks the Bavarian Foreign Minister, "we must equally leave no doubt to the Prussian Government that it is our firm determination, as hitherto, so also in future, to base our votes solely upon our own convictions, and only to permit the fundamental laws and resolutions of the Federal Assembly to decide upon its competence, and not the will of an individual Government." And he goes on to say, "It is not our intention to allow the character of the Confederation to be shackled in such a manner that a single member should be able to prescribe the measure of its action." These are brave words, truly. They indicate, no doubt, profound disgust and resentment at the recent conduct of the North German Power; but under present circumstances it is difficult to attach much practical value to them. The most that can be said is, that they indicate a state of feeling in some of the minor States of which Prussia might find the danger and inconvenience if she were menaced by a really powerful enemy or rival. Until

that happens, however, M. von Bismarck will only laugh at M. von Pfordten's sharpest notes; and Austria and Prussia will repeat as often as need be the process of compelling the Diet at Frankfort to register their edicts.

The annual report of M. Fould upon the state of the French finances has just been published. Our space will not permit us to follow him through the details into which he enters with respect to the budgets of 1863 and 1864. Nor, indeed, do we feel disposed to enter upon the discussion of subjects which now possess little more than an historical interest. It is sufficient to say, that the Minister of Finance admits that there is a deficit upon the budget of 1863, while he congratulates himself that it is less by 15,000,000 francs than he had anticipated. The budget of 1864 he thinks very probably balances itself; but as to this, less sanguine and less interested calculators will entertain some doubt. It is more important to know that it is intended to reduce the military expenditure of France for 1865 by 21,000,000 francs, and the naval expenditure by 23,000,000 francs. If no circumstances intervene to prevent these savings being effected, M. Fould expects that he will be able to carry forward, to the budget of 1866 the sum of 18,000,000 francs arising from the budget of 1865. And, as he observes, this sum may be notably increased if the extraordinary expenses for the army and navy, which still figure in the anticipatory budget for 1865 to the amount of 65,000,000 francs, shall successively decrease, and at last disappear. These favourable anticipations may or may not be realized, but the appearance of M. Fould's report is a good sign. It appears to show that the state of the French finances has at last attracted the serious attention of the Emperor; that he has become alarmed at the continuous deficit exhibited, which has been shown by the accounts for the last few years; and that he is at last sensible of the necessity of attaining a balance, even at the cost of diminishing those armaments which are a standing menace to Europe. We can scarcely over-estimate the importance of such an indication as these reductions appear to afford of the future policy of France. There can be no doubt that the excessive military expenditure of almost every European nation is mainly due to the fear inspired by the restless policy and the threatening aspect of Louis Napoleon. If he once convinces his neighbours that he has laid aside the projects of aggrandisement which have been attributed to him, and that he is intent only upon developing the resources and securing the prosperity of his own empire, we may fairly hope to see the example he is now setting generally followed. Everyone must wish that this may be the case; for the sum now annually expended upon the armies and navies of Europe is not only a serious drain upon the resources of each State, but a scandal to the civilization of the nineteenth century.

The Spanish Government has formally announced its intention to abandon the conquest of St. Domingo. The decree re-incorporating that island with the Spanish monarchy "was issued," we are told, "in the full belief that the St. Dominicans were desirous of living under Spanish protection; but their resistance has now become too serious to render it possible to remain under such an illusion. The occupation of St. Domingo under such circumstances would be a conquest, and the policy of Spain is not one of conquest." It would be easy to show that this affectation of moderation and self-restraint is the merest hypocrisy; that there never was the slightest reason to suppose that the people of St. Domingo wished to surrender their independence; and that the sole motive of Spain in relinquishing the attempt to subjugate them, is the desire to stop an exhausting and fruitless drain upon her resources. No one will believe that, if the Spanish forces had been successful, it would ever have occurred to Marshal Narvaez that "the policy of Spain is not one of conquest." But, at the same time, we observe with satisfaction that the lesson which the stubborn resistance of the St. Dominicans was calculated to teach has not been entirely lost upon the cabinet of Madrid. They seem to have become aware that the former colonies of Spain are resolved to maintain their independence. Although it is not easy to discover the exact meaning—if it has any exact meaning—of the long and confused note which the Minister of Foreign Affairs has lately issued with respect to the dispute with Peru, it is at least evident that he wishes the world to believe that Spain has no desire to effect any re-conquest on the American continent. We are assured that, although she has not hitherto recognised Peru, she regards that republic as "an independent, free, and sovereign nation;" and although the document contains some expressions of a threatening character, its general tendency shows a desire to open the door to a peaceful accommodation. It is probable that the attitude of the South American republics, and their determination to stand by each other against European aggression, has had considerable effect in moderating the tone of Queen Isabella's ministers. But the reasons which may induce Spanish politicians to pursue a particular course of policy are of very little importance so long as that policy is of a more pacific, conciliatory, and equitable character than they lately adopted.

Mr. W. E. Foster is a man of undoubted honesty and considerable ability. Although he is attached to a particular section of the Liberal party, he thinks for himself, and his opinions are marked by greater breadth and geniality than those of the politicians with whom he usually associates. He is always worth listening to when he speaks deliberately; and a recent speech which he has delivered to his constituents certainly rises far above the usual level of what are called extra-parliamentary utterances. We shall not enter into the merits of the various questions of foreign policy upon which he touched, but we are glad to see that he does not go the length of demanding that England should absolutely isolate herself from the affairs of Europe. He admits that there are times when it may be necessary for a nation to sacrifice its life and money in intervention in other people's affairs. No one can fairly take exception to his requiring that before we make such a sacrifice we should be satisfied that the object of our interference is good, that our interference is necessary, and that it will be productive of benefit to those on whose behalf it is made. The worst of it is, that while there is little or no difficulty in obtaining assent to these general principles, there is and always will be the widest difference as to their application. There is more practical utility in the honourable member's advice that we should in future make up our minds whether we will fight before we indulge in expressions of sympathy, or allow our ministers to write criminatory despatches. It is certain that we either said too much or did too little both in the case of Poland and in that of Denmark, and that both those countries are now much worse off than they would have been had we not interfered for them at all. Whatever may be our future policy, Mr. Foster is certainly right in contending that there should be more harmony between our words and deeds. If there ever was a time when our bark "was as good as other men's bite," that time is past; and although we should probably disagree with the member for Bradford as to the proper time for biting, we quite concur with him in thinking that if we do not mean biting we should not bark. We cannot take his sanguine view of a probable alliance between England

and the United States of America. It is all very well for ardent Radicals to tell us that slavery, and slavery alone, is the cause of bad blood between the mother country and her former colonies; but the facts do not bear out such an assertion. Hatred of England was ostentatiously displayed by prominent politicians, and by a large party in the United States, long before slavery became a political question. It never was confined to the Slave States, but, on the contrary, was more marked in New England than in any other part of the former Union. And if that Union was once more re-formed, we believe that jealousy of the old country, envy of its pre-eminence, and a desire to become in the eyes of the world the leading representative of the Anglo-Saxon race, would spur on the people of the United States to a policy even more offensive towards England than that which they pursued for some years before the outbreak of the civil war. With the opinions of Mr. Foster on domestic subjects we are much better able to concur. His views on parliamentary reform are in the main sound; and we have more than once anticipated him in urging upon the Liberal party the duty and necessity of taking up this question with earnestness and sincerity.

The military news from America is of some importance. There is reason to hope that the tide of disaster which lately set in against the Confederates has been stayed, if not turned. It is, indeed, asserted that the Federal gunboats on the Tennessee have intercepted the retreat of General Hood's army. But it is, upon the whole, more probable—as stated in another account—that he had crossed the river on pontoons placed out of the reach of the flotilla. Advices from Savannah speak of an attempt on the part of Sherman to intercept the retreat of General Hardee before he could reach the Broad River, but the Richmond journals announce the safe arrival at Charleston of that general and the forces under his command. It is scarcely probable that Sherman is in a condition to undertake any offensive movement at present. His army must need rest, and he will require some little time to consolidate his hold upon Savannah, and to convert it into a secure base for any operations he may contemplate. The two armies in Virginia are still inactive, but a rumour (on which, however, no stress can be laid) points to a speedy resumption of activity on the part of General Lee. The most important item in the news by the last mail is the total failure of the Federal expedition against Wilmington. Admiral Porter goes so far as to assert that the ships under his command silenced Fort Fisher, the principal defence of the place; but according to General Butler, who was at the head of the land forces, this fort is substantially uninjured as a defensive work, and was not open to attack except by regular siege approaches. We cannot pretend to decide upon the merits of the question thus raised between the admiral and the general. It will, no doubt, occupy the Northern newspapers for some time, and be fought out with all the bitterness and virulence characteristic of the controversies between Federal officers whose designs have miscarried. All that we care to know is, that an expedition planned on the largest scale, heralded with so many pompous announcements, and expected to attain such large results, has come to an ignominious end, and that Wilmington is probably safe against attack during the remainder of the winter.

Mr. Lincoln's Government have consented to make Brazil the only reparation that is now possible for the illegal seizure of the *Florida* in the port of Bahia. The "accident" (one singularly fortunate for the Federals) by which she was run down at her moorings renders it impossible to restore the vessel, and it is very probable that the Washington Cabinet is all the more inclined to verbal civility, because their sentiments cannot be tested by acts. The President is to disown and express his regret on account of the proceedings at Bahia; Captain Collins is to be suspended, and tried by court-martial; the Consul is to be dismissed; and the Brazilian flag is to be saluted. So far, so good; but it is not quite so well that Mr. Seward should seize the opportunity of insulting Brazil by the remark that "the ascription of a belligerent character to the Southern insurgents is an act of intervention or derogation of the law of nations, and a wrong and injury to the United States." The Brazilians, however, need not feel annoyed at this seeming discourtesy. Although addressed to them, the sentence in question is really aimed at England. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than a formal endorsement by the Federal Government of that insolent tirade against Great

Britain which General Webb, their envoy at Rio Janeiro embodied, in a diplomatic note to the Brazilian Government. To Mr. Seward's opinion of our conduct we are supremely indifferent; but we cannot help thinking that his use of such language,—coupled with the habitual tone of the Northern press,—indicates a settled intention on the part of a portion of the Northern public and of Northern politicians to bring about a war with England. It is satisfactory, however, to observe that some at least of the mercantile and trading classes are becoming alive to the probable consequences of the policy pursued by Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. The Detroit Chamber of Commerce, at all events, cannot help seeing that all the arguments put forth in their very able paper on the threatened abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty would tell with tenfold force against a war between England and the Federal States.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND HIS BANKRUPT LAW.

It is hard when a man has to condemn his own offspring, and to say that the child on whom he has lavished all his care, and trained to be a model to other children, is only a piece of ordinary humanity after all. He will console himself by pointing out that the failure is not the result of his work, but of some evil influence from without, which has counteracted his wisdom and defeated his aim. It was the weak mother, or the foolish aunt, who petted him in secret, who concealed his faults, flattered his vanity, and supplied him surreptitiously with more money than a youth can safely be allowed; or there was some other influence at work undermining what he was building up so carefully. And thus it came to pass that the youth, instead of being sober and studious, grew up idle and dissolute, neglected his opportunities, and came at last to be a reproach to his name, and a disappointment to the hopes of his parents. Such a disappointment Lord Westbury finds in his Bankrupt Law. It was a good law, and well designed. It must have worked well if its administration had been efficiently superintended. If the House of Lords had but given him a chief judge to watch over it, it would have collected and distributed the estates of bankrupts honestly, speedily, and efficiently. But the Lords refused him this boon; and though he has himself done what he could to supply the want, his labour has been vain. It has mainly enabled him to see with his own eyes the frauds which have characterized the working of his Bankrupt Law. And now he is fain to appeal, in a tone as nearly pathetic as can be expected from him, to Chambers of Commerce for advice as to how these evils can be swept away, and the Court of Bankruptcy purged of the knaves who infest it.

We have seldom read a more remarkable document than the letter to Mr. Paget, M.P., in which the Lord Chancellor mourns over the corruption of the Court of Bankruptcy and the failure of his own bill. Bankrupt laws are made for two purposes—to release a trader hopelessly involved from his liabilities, and to distribute his estate amongst his creditors. Both these ends are accomplished—but how? As regards the former, there is a general and a correct belief that bankrupts are let loose upon the world who have a better claim to criminal punishment than many who receive it. As regards the latter, Lord Westbury confirms with an official voice the charges which heretofore have been only whispered. "It is most painful," he writes, "to see the amount of dishonesty, neglect, and abandonment of duty which has been brought to light." Two circumstances contribute to this result—the inaction of creditors, and the promptness with which attorneys and others take advantage of that inaction. "As soon as a trader has made a bad debt, and the debtor becomes bankrupt, in nineteen cases out of twenty he reasons thus—'The first loss is the best. If I look after this bankrupt's estate, I shall have much trouble and shall incur great expense. I cannot leave my business to attend meetings, and it will not do to employ an attorney. If I did, perhaps I should not get more than an extra shilling in the pound dividend. Therefore let it take care of itself.'" No doubt, this representation which Lord Westbury makes of the sentiments of creditors is correct. They are loth to throw good money after bad—loth to sacrifice their time in looking after a bankrupt's estate—and still more loth to employ an attorney to look after it for them. This indisposition on their part says little for their public spirit, but much for their common sense. Of all fields of action for a man who "comes forward" out of a sense of duty towards the community, a Court of Bankruptcy is the least promising. The lawyers who practise there, the brokers

and auctioneers who act for the lawyers, and the assignees who act for all, are a compact and formidable body, which a creditor who is wise will not encounter single-handed. They have their "understandings," their quiet arrangements, their mutual interests, which make them dovetail into each other, and act with an unseen harmony. While to the world they appear to be ranged on hostile sides, they are in truth a brotherhood driving a snug business, apportioning to each his share of the spoil with that honour which distinguishes another class of depredators, and whose guarantee is the knowledge which each has of the other. Clearly a creditor will think twice before he will step between these gentlemen and their prey. He puts up with the first loss. "And thus," writes Lord Westbury, "every estate is abandoned to attorneys, brokers, auctioneers, and every description of unnecessary official person, and it is eaten up by their costs and charges. Then come statements like these: Assets, £2,100; cost of solicitors and otherwise in bankruptcy, £1,200—more than half the property. Then there is a great outcry, and people say, 'This is the fault of the law and of the Lord Chancellor.'" Well; and it is very natural that they should say so. It is the fault of the law, and it is the fault of the Lord Chancellor, who had the making of the law. The swindling which daily and yearly goes on in the Court of Bankruptcy is not a vice supported by public prejudice. The sense of the whole community is against it, the press is against it, debtors as well as creditors are against it; for it makes a vast difference to the character of a bankrupt whether his estate yields ten shillings in the pound or only five. Nor is it an ineradicable vice. Lord Westbury says, "I could establish a board of official administrators which should be bound to collect and distribute every estate at a maximum charge of 10 or 12 per cent." Then why does he not establish it? He tells us—"Were I to propose it, I should have the opposition of every solicitor." Does he mean the opposition of the whole body of solicitors, or only of those practising in Bankruptcy? If the latter, we can readily believe him. They would, no doubt, die hard. Assignees, brokers, auctioneers, and "every description of unnecessary official person" would make common cause with them, in order to retain the common spoil. The right of pocketing 50 or 60 per cent. of every bankrupt's estate would not be yielded without a desperate struggle. For if estates were to be collected and distributed at 12 per cent., see what a falling-off there would be in the flesh-pots of Basinghall-street! Attorneys would no longer grow rich upon costs which would then take the form of dividends, brokers would lose all chance of buying the "effects" they have valued, assignees would never again be able to lease to money-lenders their balances in hand for a rent of several thousands per annum. Instead of a land flowing with milk and honey, they would find themselves in the midst of a desert. No more legalized pilfering of other people's goods; no more amicable collusion to make the most of a bad job, and convert it into a good one—for themselves. There would be weeping and mourning in the household of the brotherhood. But the community at large would rejoice; and the respectable, which is by far the larger, portion of the legal profession would rejoice along with it at such a change. Lord Westbury says he can accomplish it. After his letter to Mr. Paget it seems to be out of the question that he can avoid at least making the attempt to do so. We believe that he immensely overrates the power of the solicitors who appear to cause him such anxiety. But whatever their capacity for obstruction may be, his letter brings the issue between him and them to a point at which it cannot be allowed to rest. When the highest legal dignitary describes the administration of his own law to be a system of barefaced robbery, either his accusations must be rebutted or a stop must be put to the iniquities of which he complains. We have no doubt that Lord Westbury does not allege more than he can prove. He has had the best means of ascertaining the truth of his charges, and they do but express with the highest authority a general and well-founded belief that the administration of our Bankrupt Laws is a disgrace to a commercial community.

HOW TO SAVE OUR STARVELINGS.

THE New Year has opened with another sad story of starvation. A poor old man, named Cartwright, got his living by picking up paper in the streets and selling it at 2s. per cwt. He was sometimes able to pick up a cwt. in a week, while at other times he could not find more than 10 lbs. The last supper he had, and which his equally emaciated brother shared with him, consisted of a halfpenny worth of oatmeal, and three-halfpenny worth of bread. The brother then left

him in his "home," at Kingsland—an underground cellar, filthy and destitute of furniture, his "bed" being a wretched heap of rags and rubbish, his covering a piece or two of old sack and his old coat, and the only food in the cellar a little cold gruel, which was placed on the ground near him! This was at eleven o'clock on the last night of the Old Year, while so many festive gatherings were welcoming the New Year with mirth and song. On New Year's Day the poor old man was left alone in his cellar until dusk, when his brother went back and found the place all dark and cold. "There were no candles or matches, and I groped about in the darkness," he said, "and found him cold and dead." The deceased was shockingly emaciated, and the intestines denoted long absence of food. The medical evidence showed that the case was one of slow and painful starvation, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.

It is worthy of remark, that the great majority of the starvation cases occur in the poor and heavily-rated parishes of the east and north-east of London. The fact is undoubtedly calculated to strengthen the hands of those who advocate an equalization of Poor Law rating in the metropolis. The following parishes have acquired an unenviable notoriety from the frequency of cases of destitution:—St. Luke's, with a poor rate (at the last return) of 2s. 3½d. in the pound; Bethnal-green, poor rate 2s. 9d.; Shoreditch, 3s. 2d.; Limehouse, 2s. 8½d.; Mile-end, 1s. 9½d.; Hackney, 1s. 2½d. Of these six parishes, four are among the heaviest-rated parishes in the metropolis. The ratepayers have some reason to complain of their burdens when they compare their rates with those of more fortunate neighbourhoods—Paddington, for example, paying 6d. in the pound; St. George's, Hanover-square, 6½d.; Islington, 9½d.; and St. James's, Westminster, 10½d. In the latter class of parishes the mortality does not exceed the general average of the kingdom. The relieving officers enable the few poor to meet the dreaded "cold wave of the atmosphere" with extra comforts, clothing, fires, and food. The per-centage of mortality in such parishes is thus kept down, and a case of death by starvation never shocks and scandalizes the well-to-do inhabitants.

In the poorer and more heavily-rated parishes, on the other hand, boards of guardians, relieving officers, and masters of workhouses feel themselves called upon to set their faces like flints against the poor. The rates must be kept down at all hazards, and at the cost of any suffering. Many of the ratepayers are struggling artisans, and small tradesmen hardly able to pay their way; and a generous consideration of the claims of the starving poor would be followed, it is feared, by a sort of parochial bankruptcy. Hence boards of guardians wink very hard at the brutality of workhouse porters, the callousness of the union staff, and the horrors of vagrant wards. They refuse to receive a wretched invalid wife and mother into the "house" unless the husband consents to break up his home and go into the "union" with her and his family. They trade upon the insuperable reluctance of such of the London poor as have known better days to enter the workhouse. In one of the starvation cases we related last week, where the coroner said "the protracted sufferings and miserable death of the deceased were deplorable," it appeared that she received relief from the parish amounting to one shilling and a loaf of bread per week—that is, about 2½d. a day, out of which to provide fuel, food, and clothing, at the most inclement season of the year. It is stated on credible authority that one shilling and a loaf per week is the usual relief given to the out-door poor in the more heavily-burdened parishes. When some wretched friendless outcast falls ill, and is unable to augment this small pittance, he or she dies the slow, lingering death of destitution. The immediate cause of death may be rupture of the heart, inflammation, or effusion of serum into the lungs. But the coroner's jury and the medical man know that the deceased has perished of starvation. This is not the place for discussing the business and expediency of poor-rate equalization in the metropolis; but if it can be shown that the death-rate generally, and starvation cases in particular, vary according to the wealth or poverty of the districts in which they occur, an additional argument is made out for an equalization which would save many Christians, men and women, from the most horrible of deaths, and would relieve many overburdened parishes, without inflicting any considerable or grievous burdens upon more prosperous neighbourhoods.

If, however, our starvelings are to be saved, fed, warmed, and clothed, instead of being found dead upon dunghills, or famished in cellars and garrets, the remedy will neither be mechanical, legal, nor Parliamentary altogether. Everyone agrees that the Poor Law may be better administered, so as to

combine more delicacy, or—"not to put too fine a point upon it"—less brutality, with the necessary firmness. Yet nothing but the higher Christian law of kindness can save our starvelings. They must be sought out by Christian men and women—by the class who are now importuned for pecuniary aid to a thousand charities, and who are beginning to feel that their guinea subscription is but a poor and unsatisfactory method of discharging a solemn Christian duty. There are gentlemen and ladies of active and spontaneous benevolence, who are ready to go about doing good; and there are, Heaven be thanked, thousands of good souls desiring nothing better than to make such benevolent visitors their almoners. There are multitudinous charitable societies which could supply the necessary machinery. The problem is how to bring these Christian men and women from the abodes of leisure to the poorer districts, where the outcasts of society are dying of starvation. Money, method, organization, and the services of unpaid visitors, are all required to supplement the administration of the Poor Law, and all would be forthcoming if some common principle of action could be hit upon. A regular and charitable visitation of the out-door poor of London is the one thing needed. The in-door poor are to some extent provided for by the Workhouse Visiting Society, established under the management of the Bishop of London. The members and paid agents of this society visit the inmates of the various metropolitan unions, and there is reason to believe that the visitors have done much to alleviate the miseries of the in-door poor. A systematic visitation of the out-door poor is a more gigantic work, but it may be achieved. The claimants of out-door relief in the metropolitan unions may be set down at a quarter of a million annually; the number averaging about 70,000 on any given day. When claimants go before the relieving officer, their names and residences are taken down, and boards of guardians would be only too glad to have the aid of unpaid visitors in ascertaining cases of real distress, and sifting imposture. A house-to-house visitation of claimants for out-door relief would render such hideous cases of starvation as we chronicled last week almost impossible. Poor neighbours and friends, now unable to assist these sufferers, would bring their wants under the notice of the charitable visitors; and while they would lead them to cases of urgent want and dire distress, they would assist in unmasking fraud and deceit.

Our readers will not fail to remember how few deaths from starvation have been reported to us from Lancashire and Cheshire during the cotton famine. The operatives have been exposed to heavy trials and severe privations; they are, as a race, proud and independent, and unwilling to receive parochial relief; yet, while coroners' juries in the metropolis have made us so familiar with cases of death by starvation, that half a dozen in a single week cause little remark, and bring about no change in our system, few if any such cases have occurred in the district where the staple of a great industry has almost been cut off. The reason is explained to be, that in Lancashire "charity has supplemented out-door relief, and the poor have been well looked after by voluntary almoners who have visited the cases in person, and given assistance wherever it has been required." The capital is not inferior in wealth and power of organization to any of the provinces, and there are hundreds of well-educated men and women in the metropolis who are willing to become "messengers of peace and ministers of mercy" in Bethnal-green, St. Luke's, or Mile-end. But there must be authority and organization; concert and good understanding with Poor Law authorities; a recognised sphere of useful, Christian benevolence; and a proper machinery for collecting, controlling, and dispensing the alms of those who can, unhappily for themselves, give nothing but pecuniary aid. Such a work of kindness and benevolence need not lapse into an elaborate device for reducing the rates of the poorer parishes. It would, on the contrary, let the light of public opinion into Poor Law board-rooms, and rebuke the petty chandlery spirit which now refuses out-door relief, when a few shillings timely and generously given would enable some hard-working man to tide over a period of illness, and keep his family out of the workhouse. If our out-door poor were brought under the supervision, and made to feel the sympathy of unpaid visitors of the well-to-do classes, their children would come in for a wholesome share of observation. A "free school fund" for the very poor would soon be set on foot, and the moral habits of many poor families would improve under the kind but watchful eye of sensible and experienced visitors. When poor persons were found who were unable to attend some place of worship for want of decent clothing, Christian benevolence would doubtless be equal to that emergency. People who find themselves respected, and the objects of neighbourly kindness,

soon learn to respect themselves, and may thus be won over to prudence and good conduct.

THE BROMPTON ORATORY CASE.

Two considerations, both of a very important nature, arise out of the case of Eliza M'Dermott and Father Charles Bowden, of the Brompton Oratory, which, at the latter end of last week, occupied so much of the attention of Mr. Selfe, the Westminster magistrate. The first, and the more serious, is the religious question involved in the transaction—the question how far it can be tolerated that a set of priests should go about interfering between parent and child, working on the vague fears or hopes of immature girls, and seeking, by all the arts of skilful subtlety, to withdraw them from home into conventual institutions, or “refuges,” or “reformatories,” or whatever else they may be called. It is clear from the admissions of this Father Bowden—admissions very reluctantly made in answer to the close questioning of Mr. Selfe, that, a year ago, when the girl Eliza M'Dermott (herself a Papist, and the daughter of a woman who has been the same, but is so no longer) was only fifteen years old, he suggested to her to leave her home and go into some retreat. Had he been successful in his persuasions at that time, he would have been liable to three years' imprisonment; but that which is illegal in the case of a girl of fifteen is allowable with reference to one of sixteen. Mr. Bowden says he never intended to take the girl from her home without the consent of her mother; but we have only his word for this, and it is not supported by his subsequent action. Within the last two or three weeks, he has certainly aided Eliza M'Dermott in abandoning her mother's house, not only without her mother's consent, but even without her mother's knowledge of the place to which she has been conveyed; and if a year ago he had been good enough to take the child's only parent into his confidence, it is obvious that he would only have done so in order to save himself from the very undesirable punishment which the law has in that case made and provided. This young man (for it seems that he himself is quite youthful) has, on his own confession, been busying himself with the spiritual interests and the virtuous well-doing of this child-girl for a year; and he has at length succeeded in withdrawing her from the house and from the control of her mother. He alleges that the mother is not morally fit to have the care of her daughter—of which there is not a tittle of proof; he avers that the girl herself was on the brink of ruin—which may or may not be true; but, in any case, it is a monstrous thing that a private individual, or a private society, acting secretly and furtively, on its own information and its own notions of right and wrong, should have the power to entice a girl of sixteen away from the parental roof, to keep her in some unknown place, to deny her to her mother, and in every respect to annul those laws of nature which we venture to think are far more sacred than any ideas of right or wrong which any church may choose to frame for its own guidance. We are every day more disinclined to the interference even of the law in the relations of parent and child; but, in the most rigorous days of Lord Eldon himself, the ordinary rights of a father or mother were not set aside without a full public examination, in which the parent could meet his accuser face to face, could hear what were the charges brought against him as proofs of his unfitness to have the custody of his offspring, could sift the evidence, cross-examine the witnesses, oppose his own evidence to that of his enemy, and make a stand which had at any rate the chance of being successful.

In poor Mrs. M'Dermott's case, there are no such safeguards against abuse. The power which presumes to confiscate her maternal rights is secret and irresponsible; her moral character is attacked in the dark, without her having any opportunity to defend it from her accusers; her child is induced to leave home under a false pretence of returning; and her inquiries as to where she has gone are met with evasion and shuffling. It is true that, according to Mr. Bowden, the holy fathers would have been graciously pleased after awhile to let the mother know what they had done with her daughter; but the substantial facts are that, up to the time of her application to Mr. Selfe, they had refused to inform her, and that great reluctance to give the required information was exhibited by Mr. Bowden even after he made his appearance before the magistrate. This is a state of things which certainly ought not to be permitted in any country jealous of its civil liberty, whether its religion be Papistical or Protestant. It is a gross invasion of the sacredness of the family life, and would make the best of religions an instrument of oppression and demoralization, a standing

menace to the security of the domestic hearth, and a danger the more insidious and undermining because of the names which it invokes. We cannot afford to have a species of moral press-gang going about, enlisting young girls to some service of doubtful virtue and real asceticism. Such a system is opposed to all the dearest traditions of our social state; it is at issue with all the principles of modern civilization; and it can answer no ends but those of a priestly domination which we have long forsworn, and which even Roman Catholic nations have found it necessary to control and limit. If, in making these remarks, we seem to point exclusively at our Romanist fellow-countrymen, it is because they alone give occasion for such strictures. We should be quite as much opposed to these interferences on the part of clergymen of the Church of England or of Dissenting ministers. Without desiring in the smallest degree to join in any illiberal cry against the followers of the Pope, whose just rights we should be the first to maintain, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that priestly predominance is one of the fundamental principles of their belief; and that is a principle which the vast majority of Englishmen view with a repugnance which, though it may have the strength or even the doggedness of a prejudice, is based on reason and on justice. We object to what M. Michelet called “the priest in the family;” and this Brompton Oratory case is a flagrant instance of the abuse in question.

The other consideration suggested by the case, though having to do with what may be called the opposite side of last week's duel, is really based upon the same principle. Eliza M'Dermott being past sixteen years of age, Mr. Selfe had no legal jurisdiction in the case; yet he entered into a series of extra-judicial proceedings with a view to satisfying the mother, and ascertaining the real sentiments of the girl. He did this with the very best motive, and we do not deny that the result has been to some extent satisfactory; but it is surely a precedent of doubtful worth when a magistrate, acting in his capacity as a magistrate, conducts a semi-public, semi-private inquiry into a case which was virtually not before him. For three days, Mr. Selfe sat making investigations into this matter, which he said it was not within his power to move in; and on one of those days he had the girl at his own house, and, in the presence of Mrs. Selfe, examined her on the facts of the case. From this examination it results that—if we are to accept the girl's statement as unbiassed—she left home with her own free will, because she did not feel safe in the perilous world of daily life, and wished to be taken care of in some religious institution. Assuming this statement to be really the truth, it is of course so far satisfactory that it removes the suspicion hitherto existing that this child of sixteen had been forcibly removed from her parent, and kept against her will. But extra-judicial action on the part of a judge is, at the best, undesirable, and might at the worst lead to serious consequences. Here again we come to an irresponsible and secret proceeding—a proceeding which in the present case has resulted in a way with which no specific fault can be found, but which might, in other hands and under other circumstances, lead to ends as pernicious as those which belong to the unchecked action of an ambitious priesthood, whatever may be the denomination by which that priesthood is known.

Into the minor personalities of this case we shall not enter. To us it appears that the law wants altering, and that sixteen is too early an age at which to emancipate a girl from parental rule. But, however that may be, we should certainly advise the Brompton Oratorians and all similar bodies to be more careful in future how their zeal outruns their discretion.

VAMPIRES.

IN the days of our great-great grandmothers a man could scarcely set about any transaction in life without being, as a preliminary measure, bled. He would be let blood before he went on a journey, and he would be let blood when he came back. He would part with a couple of ounces to the surgeon because he thought he was too sanguineous, and a couple of ounces more because he fancied he was too lymphatic, and that, on the recuperative principle, the blood he lost would soon be replaced by a stronger and richer current. Our ancestors resorted to bleeding as systematically as some dyspeptic folks now take taraxicum or Cockle's pills. Blood-letting was the grand specific for all diseases. If a man broke his leg you bled him. If he fainted you had the bandage round his arm in a trice. Dr. Sangrado went about the world sticking his lancet into the community; and, oddly enough, the community seemed to like it. Old-fashioned doctors tell us of patients—

especially lady patients—whom they attended in their youth, and who had a positive mania for being bled. Now-a-days, phlebotomy seems to have gone all but entirely out of fashion. Perhaps people do not take so much port wine as they were formerly accustomed to swallow, and are, therefore, less frequently in peril of apoplexy; but, in any case, that abominable little fleam with the tortoiseshell handle is very rarely brought into requisition. King Charles II., sinking in lethargic exhaustion, was let blood by order of the Lords of the Council, and King Charles II. presently died. In these days he would probably have been kept alive by repeated doses of sparkling Moselle, or an ounce of brandy every two hours. Even the cupper's glasses, spirit-lamp, and little barrel-organ, full of shining blades do not seem to be in as much favour as they formerly were. "Dry-cupping" has in many cases superseded the sanguinary process, and you may look round at a dinner-table upon a good many white and smooth foreheads without seeing one defaced about the temples with the scars of leech-bites. And yet, even five-and-twenty years since, who had not been leeches?

The mitigation of the savage old system of indiscriminate blood-letting was, perhaps, a blessing; but, precisely as we hear that when Providence shuts one door another one is opened, so, in an irritating converse to the doctrine of compensation, we often find that the blessing bestowed upon us is often combated by a curse from a perfectly strange quarter. If the rose were to lose its thorns, we should not be at all surprised to learn that it had also lost its scent; and if all England were to turn teetotal to-morrow, we should be quite prepared to hear that ruffians stupified themselves with bhang or haschisch before dashing out the brains of their wives, or that the bricklayers' labourers would not work for the reason that they had all turned lotus-eaters. Blood-letting by the lancet has fallen into desuetude; and now, lo and behold, our dearest veins are drained by the Vampires. In our temperate climate we are exempt from the mosquitoes, the black ants, the scorpions, *et hoc genus omne* which make life terrible in the tropics; but we are not the less infested by myriads of insatiate and rapacious bloodsuckers. We are preyed upon, macerated, eaten up by hordes of vampires. The horseleech may have lost his daughters; but he has five hundred sons, whose cries of "Give, give"—cries audible, for the most part, every morning in the columns of the newspapers—are absolutely appalling. Mr. Boucicault once wrote a Vampire melodrama compounded equally of the grim old Hungarian and Styrian legends, and the plot of that ghastly novel of which an attempt was made to foist the authorship on Lord Byron; but the modern vampire needs no reviving bath of moonbeams, and thirsts not for the blood of a young maiden. He does not care about the young maiden, unless she happens to be an heiress; and the *feme coverte* he will not touch at all. He gorges coronets, commissions in the household cavalry, post obits, broad acres, reversionary interest, ready money, shilling stamps, jewellery, the hopes of the young, the aspirations of the ambitious, the talents of the gifted. He drinks up Government appointments and perpetual curacies. He feeds upon the Army List, the Clergy List, and the Court Guide. The modern vampire is a bill-discounter.

There is before us a pamphlet of sixteen pages, entitled "Money to any amount advanced at one hour's notice; or the Vampires of London: an *exposé* of the usurers of the metropolis and how they snare their victims." The thing is written in a strain of the coarsest vulgarity, and to a great extent is so much turgid fustian. It is brimful of libel, and slander, and spite, and bad spelling; but with all these shortcomings, its perusal by the foolish young men for whose benefit we conjecture it was published might do them as much good as the Ordinary of Newgate's "Double Knock at the Postman's Conscience" is supposed to have done the London letter-carriers. As a rule, we mistrust these *exposés*. They often emanate from discarded participators of the frauds which, in revenge, they afterwards expose. An unjust dealer, hustled out of Billingsgate for selling unsavoury mackerel, has before now been heard to cry "stinking fish" very lustily in Upper Thames-street; and we have heard of a hawk which, cozened, as he conceived, out of his proper share of an abducted quarry, has proceeded to bewray his own nest and bring all the hawk family to shame. Be it as it may, the reader who chooses to lay out sixpence in the purchase of the pamphlet, the title of which we have quoted above, will have his money's worth and more in the revelations made by the vampire-exposer, who writes under the name of "Aperitmetos." That which he has to say is probably very well known to most men of the world; but the things on which he discourses are precisely those of which men of the world—on the principle enunciated by the

old Lord Shaftesbury, when he was questioned as to his religion—do not care to say anything. Any philanthropist, however, who chose to send round copies of this pamphlet to the barracks of the Guards—horse and foot, to the principal clubs, to the Government offices in Pall Mall, Whitehall, and Somerset House, and to all the undergraduates of all the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, would be doing the youth of England immense service. Nor, we think, would the discreet distribution of a few copies among the cadets at Woolwich and Sandhurst, or the senior forms at Eton, be at all out of place. A growing lad of good expectations could not but derive advantage from being made acquainted, just previous to his entrance into life, of the snares that will be laid to entrap him, of the wiles which will be lavished to lead him astray, of the vampires who are lying in wait to devour and destroy him. We would have him read all about the rogues, the sharpers, and the villains who, under very flimsy veils of pseudonyms and misspelt addresses, are pilloried in this rancorous little opuscle. It is quite time that not only young men, but the public at large, should know all about the "cabbager," and the "discounting tailor," and the "hundred per cent. hairdresser," and the half-wine—half-cash solicitor," and "Mullins of Sicily-street," and "Fitch, Weasel, & Stoat, of Onion-street," and all the "X. Y. Z.'s," the "Nemo's," the "Veritas's," the "Integritas's," the "private gentlemen" who are ready to "advance money on personal security at an hour's notice," the "investment and advance companies," and the "loan and discount offices," advertisements of which swarm in the daily newspapers, elbowing their congeners—those indescribably filthy, pernicious, and in many cases felonious quack-announcements, the publicity given to which is a burning stigma on the English press. The mass of these bill-discounting people are Jews of the most horrible kind—Jews who, dreading the wholesome severity of justice against those who keep gambling dens and houses of ill-fame, have taken advantage of the absence of usury laws and gone into the bill-discounting line of business. Now and then a Nazarene finds his way into this precious confraternity; but the ways of Jewry are in the end too much for him. He finds that, even after charging one hundred and fifty per cent., there are depths of extortion and rascality into which he is loth to descend; and he abandons the field to the Israelite, who is bound by no tie and troubled by no scruple, and who, if he happened to have a conscience, would lend it out at forty per cent. a month. There are whole families of Jews in the bill-discounting business. Solomon finds out young ensigns or government clerks who want money; Reuben is a "runner," and makes inquiries as to whether the "parties" are "all right" or have any other bills out; Ikey discounts; Mo is a wine merchant, and from him the dupe gets one-third of his due in poisonous sherry, log-wood port, or gooseberry champagne; Ezekiel may be a jeweller or a picture-dealer; Melchisedech is "the friend in the city" to whom the bill has been endorsed; Jacob is the lawyer who sues upon it; Zachariah is the bailiff who arrests the defendant; Nehemiah is the sheriff's officer who locks him up in a sponging-house; and Abraham is another lawyer who counsels the unhappy prisoner not to go through the Bankruptcy Court, but to renew all Ikey's bills and come out of the sponging-house deeper in debt than when he went in. Throw in an uncle who keeps an anatomical museum, a grandfather who advertises to cure nameless ailments, a cousin who is on the turf, a brother who has a night-house in the Haymarket, another who (happily) is at Swan River, and two or three black-haired and moon-eyed daughters of Judah, splendid in diamonds in the pit-boxes of the theatres, and the family circle is complete. That such things should be, that these most nefarious bandits—these discounting vampires, be they Jew, Turk, or infidel—should be permitted, with perfect impunity, to fleece the foolish and the unwary, may, perhaps, be reckoned among those "Curiosities of Civilization" about which Dr. Andrew Wynter has written so pleasantly. They are certainly very curious, but they are, nevertheless, very shocking and very shameful.

LADIES' DIARIES.

THE commencement of Hilary Term has brought with it a renewal of the dreary records of the Divorce Court, and for weeks to come the newspapers will again be filled with the wretched and monotonous recital of domestic misery and crime. The great Chetwynd case has now succeeded the great Codrington case and the equally great Stone and Appleton case, and will furnish a nine days' wonder to half the idle people in London. Into its merits we do not propose to enter. An enthusiastic admirer of Sir James Wilde's court once said

that it was the arena of "rich" cases. Whether Mrs. Chetwynd's be one of them, we leave to connoisseurs to determine. To us it seems to be as odious and dull as most family quarrels, and to be endowed with the same repulsive features as its dismal predecessors. A uniformity of ugliness marks every successive scene of matrimonial recrimination. For one reason, however, Mrs. Chetwynd deserves to be remembered. She is the writer of a diary which may well serve as a "caution" in more senses than one. "Diaries," she said in her re-examination, "are stupid things; I often put things into them which never happened." After reading what has been made public of the journal she kept herself, we quite agree with her sententious maxim. Her diary is an extremely stupid thing, and, as far as it deals with other interests than her own, a very mischievous thing as well.

There is no doubt that the great proportion of those who keep journals are women, and to them, especially just at present, when with a new year they are turning over a new leaf, Mrs. Chetwynd's diary may serve as a warning and model of what they ought not to write. As a rule, men are too busy with the active affairs of life to indulge in the luxury of self-contemplation. If they keep a record of their lives at all, it usually treats only of the external events which affect them, and is, therefore, perfectly harmless and perfectly uninteresting. They seldom chronicle their feelings. They have no time to know that they have any worth the chronicling. Their pursuits furnish them with healthy occupation, and they become unconsciously strong; not by incessantly feeling their mental muscles, but by exercising them. Even idle men have no turn for making a catalogue of their own sensations. Were they to write a diary, it would be like that of the "sober citizen" in the *Spectator*:—"Put on my clothes and walked into the parlour. Tied my knee-strings and washed my hands. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went. Smoked a pipe and a half. Dined as usual; stomach good." Such a humdrum journal as this is stupid enough; but it has the merit of being as innocuous as a homœopathic dose. We fear the same cannot always be said of the glowing effusions of young ladies, particularly if they are discontented, disappointed, or, still worse, "misunderstood." Their motive in writing is not to describe events, but to analyze or idealize their feelings and their thoughts. Perhaps they have been making a very poor figure during the day, and to their friends may have seemed the reverse of heroines. But to their own eyes they can manage to look heroic, and convince themselves, on paper, that they are unappreciated or ill-used. "I must always have some Dulcinea in my head," says Sterne; "it harmonises the soul." A diary is the Dulcinea of an imaginative school-girl. It "harmonises her soul," and will most probably put her out of harmony with the rest of the world. By encouraging a morbid habit of excessive self-examination, she will gradually render herself quite unfit for the active duties of life. She may find relief in pouring out what she supposes, very often erroneously, to be her inmost thoughts; but the habit of doing so is as pernicious to the mind as dram-drinking to the body. She chooses the worst of confidants—one who can give her no advice or assistance. It is a very good thing sometimes to see ourselves as others see us; but to be incessantly attitudinising before our own mirrors and for our own benefit can lead to nothing but selfishness and self-deception.

Again, a woman who writes a journal of sensation is nearly sure to inflict damage on others as well as on herself. Spiteful insinuations, foolish hopes, improper aspirations, too often disfigure the secret record intended for no eye but her own. She forgets how many bitter troubles and implacable enemies its indiscreet sentences will create for her, should an accident one day place it in the hands of a stranger. "Speaking one's mind" is dangerous, even in the pages of a private diary, while life is uncertain and a Divorce Court exists. Mrs. Robinson's journal, which our readers may perhaps remember, shows to what lengths a vivid imagination and ardent temperament may carry an indiscreet and excitable writer. A similar lesson may be learnt from Mrs. Chetwynd. Thus, when writing of one to whom she was attached, and whom she believed to be attached to her, she apostrophises him in this extravagant style:—"How little do you know what a revolution you have caused in my life, and how dreamily I walk thinking of thee! To love thee so silently and powerfully as I do is not bliss. I was fool ever to tell thee, and yet, perhaps, often would you have half-killed me with an unjust judgment for my strange ways. I love, and to love is sin in me more powerful than my will. It will not be stifled, and so it must needs be sanctified; and what a task I have before me! Am I equal to it? I ask myself. By God's help alone. Yes, quite. Without it, no. Enough, I

sin not." And again:—"It is odd, I have four pets in the world—Hugo, Spot, Sarah, and Charles. Then comes * * * quite by himself, not pet, but idol: too solemn, too true to be a pet." If ladies choose to speak of their male acquaintances in this high-flown strain they must not be offended if gentlemen address them with the precision of an attorney whose words are all "without prejudice." Mrs. Chetwynd's tone reminds us of "Clarinda, the maiden lady of good fortune," described by Addison. "Wednesday," she writes:—"Dressed; paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were out of town that day. Friday:—Abed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. Dressed; went out; played at crimp until midnight. Found Mrs. Spitey at home. Conversation. Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow not worth a groat. Mem., Mrs. Spitey whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth. I am sure it is not true. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet and called me Indamora. Saturday:—To opera. Mr. Froth led me to my chair; I think he squeezed my hand." Mrs. Chetwynd's "Mr. Froth," whoever he may be, must feel as pleased with her rhapsodies as Mr. Froth himself would have felt if Clarinda's diary had been published in all the newspapers. Nothing can make a man feel more absurd than to find himself, while all the time he is conscious of being but an ordinary mortal, elevated by an enthusiastic worshipper into something, not a pet, but an idol; "too solemn, too true to be a pet."

We have quoted one or two of the less highly-coloured paragraphs of Mrs. Chetwynd's singular journal. There are others of a much more reprehensible character, and of which we will only say that they are not unworthy of the pen of an authoress who reads and admires "Don Juan" and "Manon Lescaut." We are not surprised, after studying her own writings, to find that the novels of George Sand are also among her favourite books. Of one of them she says, "It suits me, and admirably, flowingly paints many of my own feelings upon the wretched state of social evils and laws—laws so vile and poor, that even their highest aims and ideas cause sin in each being." It is quite true that there are social evils and hypocrisies in existence which "warp men from the living truth," but they require reform in a very different sense from that indicated by Mrs. Chetwynd. Happily for her countrywomen, there is no fear of English society being turned into the chaos of sensuality and irreligion in which some modern French novelists delight to revel.

From what has been said, it might, perhaps, be inferred that we are opposed to the practice of keeping diaries altogether. There are cases, however, when they may be very valuable both to the writer and reader of them. When, for instance, a public man makes memoranda of the important events which come under his own observation, he is really writing history in its most attractive form. But he generally writes with a view to publication, and is thus preserved from all danger of injuring himself or compromising others. He puts down nothing he would be ashamed to publish. As to purely private diaries, we certainly think they can seldom be kept with advantage. Nothing, it is true, would be more likely to enable us to correct our faults than to set them down in black and white, and so become familiar with their existence. We should soon feel as sorry that we had committed them as a kindly man that he had been betrayed into writing a hasty letter. The difficulty is to be honest with ourselves. It is easy to write about grievances and slights under which we may be suffering, but few of us have the moral courage to make a faithful catalogue of our own failings even for our own use. There is always, moreover, a secret consciousness, and perhaps desire, that what we write may one day be read. A weak and dishonest mind, no journal can improve. An open and transparent life is its own best commentary.

THE BANK OF FRANCE AND THE RATE OF INTEREST.

MM. FOULD and Béhic, the Ministers of Finance and Commerce respectively, have recommended the Emperor to institute an inquiry into the causes of the high rate of interest which has of late ruled in France and other countries. The inquiry is to embrace "the whole of the principles and general facts which influence the monetary circulation in France;" and the Ministers who recommend the inquiry appear to do so on the ground that "truth will emerge from the shock of opinions and doctrines;" and that "from the discussions it will excite, the country will derive much useful information." The inquiry is

entrusted to the Superior Council of Commerce, Agriculture, and Industry, and is to be conducted under the presidency of the Minister of State.

The tribunal before which the subject is to be discussed is no doubt eminently qualified to receive and judge the evidence which will be tendered to it, and which will of course embrace the practical views of the most accomplished financiers, and the crotchets of the most visionary theorists. The evidence will be looked for on this side of the Channel with great interest, not only on account of the importance of the question in debate, but because the English system of paper currency cannot but be inquired into, discussed, and some judgment passed upon it.

The appointment of this committee, or commission as we should call it, and of the Minister of State as its president, are, however, no doubt indicative of some foregone conclusion. The preamble to the report sets forth petitions numerous signed by the leading commercial men and manufacturers of Paris and Lyons, and these are backed by the petition of the Council of the Bank of France, praying for the inquiry. Two things, as we think, may be inferred from these facts;—the *first*, that the French Government are disposed to take up the question with the view to some modification of the existing system; and the *second*, that the inquiry is not entered upon with any view of diminishing the power and position of the Bank, but rather, if possible, of making use of its agency in furtherance of the object of diminishing the rate of interest.

Some severe theorists will deride the idea of legislation on the rate of interest, which they will rightly maintain to be dependent on the law of supply and demand. But the supply, if not the demand for currency—for that which passes in payment of debt—is already subject to legislative trammels, and if these be modified, whether in the way of removing artificial barriers to credit, or of increasing them, it is the Legislature which must act. When a Government either issues or authorizes the issue of Bank notes and makes them a legal tender, it must take measures to see that the obligation or expressed promise is fulfilled. Our own Government has measured the credit of the Bank of England, and has declared it to be limited by the sum of fourteen millions, and that this fourteen millions shall be represented by promises to pay on demand sums not less than five pounds. If a man owes a less sum he must, to make a legal tender for its payment, have recourse to the precious metals.

The immense influence exercised by the English money market on the Continental one, makes it certain that our Bank Charter Act and its effects must be examined and reviewed by the French Commission, and we may thus obtain evidence and scientific opinions which may even exercise more influence than the Parliamentary inquiry which some of the magnates of the Press have lately deprecated, although it is certain that our own highly artificial system is accompanied by greater fluctuations in the rate of interest, and more frequently returning and ruinous panics, than are observed under the French system. It may very well be that our system is sounder, and that the fluctuations and panics which are observable are due to other causes, and are even in some measure favourably modified by the Bank Charter Act; but we confess that we are glad to see the great probability, that if we do not think it worth while to inquire into the causes of such phenomena our methodical and scientific neighbours on the other side of the Channel are about to do.

THEATRICAL MONOPOLISTS.

The theatrical monopolists have at last done what all true friends of free-trade hoped they would do. After copying the flash dances and empty songs of the music-halls for many years, they are alarmed because one music-hall has copied a theatrical ballet. On the 2nd of November, when he opened the Olympic Theatre, Mr. Horace Wigan made the following apparently liberal remarks:—"In these days of dramatic free-trade, all managers are at liberty to cater for all tastes; patents—so called, I suppose, from their closing all but certain theatres to all but certain entertainments—are no more. In theatrical matters I own myself a Benthamite, and my managerial motto will be Jeremy's principle—the greatest happiness to the greatest number." In less than two months after uttering these fine words, Mr. Horace Wigan is found heading an attack upon the London music-halls. Mr. Weston, of Holborn, is singled out for the hideous offence of performing a "duologue;" and Mr. Weston makes a most abject apology, and promises never to commit such a crime again. This easy victory gained by the Lord Chamberlain's Coddling over the magistrate's Short, only increases the courage of the theatrical monopolists. With an almost sublime disregard of public

requirements—of the "greatest happiness of the greatest number"—they proceed further. They attack Mr. Strange, of the Alhambra, for performing a ballet; and Mr. Strange, being more determined than Mr. Weston, resolves to "fight the question" after a fashion. Mr. Strange is not the champion of a principle, but of a definition. He openly and defiantly performs the same spectacle which Mr. Anderson performed at Drury Lane Theatre for many months in 1851—a pantomimic ballet from "Azaël"—and then asks the magistrate to decide whether such a ballet is a "stage-play." The magistrate takes time to consider, feeling confident that his decision will be carried from the police-court to the Court of Queen's Bench, from the Court of Queen's Bench to the Court of Chancery, and from the law courts into Parliament.

This barefaced but well-timed attempt to sustain a theatrical monopoly has been admirably commented on by the public press. In only one quarter has there been a weak, puling cry for a little "protection," and this not in a Conservative journal of the old school, but in a professedly Liberal journal of enormous circulation. Papers like the *Standard* have made common cause with the *Times* and the *Globe*, and the monopolist movement has been received with a chorus of derision. In all these comments, however, we should have been glad to have seen a little more regard shown for the public interest. The struggle between Mr. Strange and Messrs. Horace Wigan & Co. is not altogether a fight between the Lord Chamberlain's Coddling and the magistrates' Short: it is a fight between the public and a protective Act of Parliament. The real question at issue may be stated in a very few words. Shall twenty or more theatrical managers—very respectable tradesmen in their way, but still only tradesmen—have power to dictate to three millions of people how they shall be amused?"

The existing theatrical monopoly is opposed to all the free-trade legislation of the last twenty years. The Acts of Parliament on which it is based are not without stain, nor without reproach. If Henry Fielding, the novelist, had never taken the Haymarket Theatre, in 1736, and had never produced "Pasquin," and other satirical plays which were somewhat severe upon the Government of the time, the stringent "Playhouse Act" of 1737 would never have been heard of. Ministers in those days were not inured to the castigations of comic publications and daily newspapers, and they fretted under a degree of censure which would now be considered a trifle. This Act, establishing the Lord Chamberlain individually as general theatrical manager and censor of plays for London, was not passed without much severe opposition. Lord Chesterfield spoke strongly against it, on the ground that it was an encroachment upon free speaking and free thinking; and a number of pamphlets were published, in which the press was called upon to resist this attack upon its liberties. The Act, notwithstanding the opposition, was passed by a compliant Parliament, and its powers were extended and continued by another Act passed in the early part of the present reign, and known as the 6 & 7 Vict.

Since the passing of this last Act, a new and powerful interest has sprung up, and it is this that, in the person of Mr. Strange, is now attacked by the theatrical monopolists. Few persons, except those who have to watch the growth and changes of popular amusements, are aware of the extent of the music-hall interest. In London alone there are now thirty-one of these half-theatrical places of amusement. Liverpool has eight, Manchester four, Glasgow five, Sheffield seven, Bradford five, and Dublin three. In the provinces generally there are one hundred and twenty of these halls and saloons, the grand total for town and country being one hundred and fifty. This is exactly equal to the grand total of London and country theatres; but in London the music-halls have a majority, their number being thirty-one against twenty-five open and closed theatres. We have no exact figures to show the money invested in this music-hall property—a property which had no existence when the Act 6 & 7 Vict. was passed—but we may safely estimate it at more than a million sterling. In London the music-halls, taking the cost of buildings alone, represent an estimated capital of four hundred thousand pounds sterling. It is very common to hear the miscellaneous entertainments of music-halls abused—and certainly, judged by a very high standard of taste, they would admit of much improvement; but the moment any proprietor attempts to give something a little better than the old tavern "sing-song," he infringes the Lord Chamberlain's protective Acts, and arouses the banded opposition of the theatrical monopolists.

Many well-meaning people look upon the Lord Chamberlain as the preserver of decency in theatres, forgetting that he licenses a French adultery comedietta at least once a week,

and such notoriously-indecent and shameless exhibitions as the Menken-Mazeppa performance at Astley's Theatre. He has no power over the old so-called "legitimate" drama; and if Mr. Phelps softens certain Shakespearian passages at Drury Lane, it is because the actor knows and respects his audience, and not because he fears the stage censor. Attempts are constantly being made to check political utterances on the stage, but these only exhibit the Lord Chamberlain as a very important Court functionary. He may order all pantomime and burlesque writers to keep out all allusions to the Emperor of the French during a particular season, but what has he gained? The press and the platform are still beyond his jurisdiction, as much as "gagging" comedians and provincial theatres. If the stage were not always as decent—neither more nor less—as the age in which it exists, and if there were no press to watch over theatrical productions, the Lord Chamberlain might often be useful, but not as a licenser of theatres. The power which he exercises in limiting the supply of these houses only puts money into the pockets of a few landlords. It raises the rents of London play-houses to high unnatural levels, and creates a little band of monopolists like the theatrical managers, whose interests are opposed to those of the public. They occupy licensed Government stages, on which the same pieces are performed for periods varying from six months to two years, and yet they wonder that Londoners cry out for more theatres and more theatrical entertainments. The audiences at all the metropolitan theatres and music-halls, on any average night, never reach more than one hundred thousand persons, or the exact number which statisticians tell us represents the visitors who are always staying for an evening or two in London. These figures leave the permanent resident population of three millions untouched, a sixth of whom would form a tolerably large theatrical audience.

The magistrates and the judges may potter over legal technicalities—they may decide that "Punch and Judy" is a "stage-play," or that a hundred ballet-girls who bend in a particular direction at the Alhambra are giving an unlicensed entertainment, but they can hardly prevent an investigation into the whole subject of theatrical legislation. Such an investigation must surely lead to free-trade in theatres—to a large reduction in the rents of the old houses, to the erection of new and more comfortable houses, to an improvement in the entertainments of music-halls, and to greater theatrical competition and energy. The drama can hardly be an exception to most other interests, and it can hardly grow weaker when it works without fetters.

THE PLAISTOW MURDER.

On the 8th of November last some young men went down into the Plaistow Marshes to shoot birds in a reed-bed which lies close to the Thames at Plaistow. While they were starting the wild fowl they came suddenly upon a body without a head, and which apparently had lain there for some days, stripped of its clothes, with the exception of the boots and trowsers, and a small portion of shirt which remained upon one of the arms. Close by, upon a footpath through the reed-bed, they found a pool of water mixed with blood; and when further search was made on the day following, the head of a man was discovered buried about a foot beneath the surface, a little way off from the spot on which the body had been found. The body exhibited no tokens of violence, but the head showed clearly that the man's death had been occasioned by blows dealt, some with a sharp, others with a blunt instrument. Evidently it was a case of murder. But who the murdered man was, or who had murdered him, for a time baffled investigation. By-and-by, amongst others who crowded to see the mutilated body, came a German of the name of Zuelch. This man had been asked some days before to mend the boots of a young German who had lately come to Plaistow, and though he could not identify a body without a head, he at once recognised the boots as those of his compatriot. The discovery of the head placed it beyond all doubt that the murdered man was a German who had come to Plaistow on the 2nd of October, who was missed on the 3rd of November, and who when he was last seen was going in the direction of the reed-bank in company with another German, Köhl, in whose house he lodged, and from whose hands there can be no doubt he received his death-blow.

Köhl had lived in England for some months. He had worked first with a butcher, and then with a sugar-baker. But about the middle of September he returned to Germany, to bring over what few effects he had, with the intention of

marrying an English girl, who had promised to be his wife. On the 2nd of October he came back to Plaistow, and was married. But from that time he seems to have had little or no employment. He took a house in Hoy-street, Plaistow Marshes, and endeavoured to meet his rent by letting out apartments. He was so poor that when he had paid his marriage fees and taken his wife on their wedding trip to Sheerness, he had to borrow money of her brother to pay their fare back to Plaistow. He borrowed also from her mother, and was indeed in as pitiable a plight for means of support as he could well be. In this desolate way he lived on till, on the morning of the 3rd of November, he was seen going towards the reed-bed with his lodger, Christian Fürhop. He had met this young man for the first time on his way back to England, before his marriage. Fürhop was comparatively well supplied with money, and he was no sooner missed than Köhl was found in possession of ample funds, closely corresponding with the amount which would have been left to Fürhop after the cost of his four weeks' residence in England. Then it came out that, some two hours after Köhl was seen going towards the reed-bed with Fürhop, he returned with his clothes soiled with mud, which he explained by saying that he had been riding in a butcher's cart. He had borrowed a chopper, axe-shaped at one end, and hammer-shaped at the other—a weapon likely to have inflicted the blows found upon the head of the murdered man; and when he returned it to its owner it was painted over. Blood, probably human, was found upon his clothes; and he accounted for the way in which he had spent his time and missed his companion, between the hour when they were last seen together and the date of his return home, by a story which was shown to be false. Shortly after he came back, he broke open Fürhop's trunk, saying that the deceased would come back no more—with a positiveness that looked strangely suspicious. "John"—the deceased was known by this name at Plaistow—"will never return," he said; and, no doubt, he well knew why he would never return. Four days after the murder, he was called, at his request, at half-past five o'clock, and at half-past six was seen near to the reed-bed; and subsequently there was found a knife belonging to him, lying between the spot where the body had been found and the spot where the head had been found. It is needless to go into minute particulars. They tend with the main facts to one conclusion. To that conclusion the jury came when, after two days' trial, they found Köhl guilty of the murder. No witnesses were called for the defence. The only fact elicited in the prisoner's favour, on cross-examination of the witnesses for the Crown, was that he was a mild-mannered man, and it will be remembered that similar testimony was given in behalf of Müller.

There can be no doubt at all that the verdict is right. The prisoner exercised his privilege of being tried by a jury half composed of foreigners, and they found him guilty. The King of Prussia and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha need not in this case telegraph their desire for a respite. Even the fussy German Protection Society is silent. It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine a case in which guilt could be more distinctly proved. What the ingenuity of counsel could do to suggest doubt, or give a footing for belief in the prisoner's innocence, was done, but to no purpose, except to make clearer, if possible, the certainty that this man alone was the murderer. But what a dreary story it is; what an instance of the crushing influence of poverty upon a man apparently free from vice, and gentle in his habitual deportment; of poverty and the suggestions of the Devil working upon it. But a few weeks before the murder Köhl and Fürhop had been strangers. They met for the first time on their voyage to England. There was no anger between them. They lived in the same house, and Fürhop seems to have been a young man of frank and engaging manners, and of confiding disposition. But, without passion, in cold blood, and with evident pre-determination, his host lured him into the reed-bed and murdered him. Nay, he went afterwards and mutilated the dead body of his guest. It was only when he was brought to confront it in the presence of witnesses that his stolid courage forsook him. Then he turned pale and fell back against the wall. But in the interval between the murder and the discovery of the body he went about apparently without concern, changing the murdered man's money, and professing wonder at what had become of him. There was no trace of that remorse which we commonly believe to be a consequence of crime; no token of that terror-stricken conscience which is supposed to be the inevitable scourge of a great criminal. He trembled when he was brought face to face with his victim in the presence of witnesses; but in the darkness of a winter morning he could visit the dead body where it lay amongst the reeds, and cut the head off with his pocket knife.

THE CHURCH.

LONDON CITY TITHES.

PEOPLE not initiated into the financial mysteries of the City were, no doubt, astounded last week in learning that the inhabitants of that privileged portion of the world were taxed 2s. 9d. in the pound annually for the support of the clergy of their almost empty churches. They were told of an Act of Parliament called "The London (City) Tithe Act, 1864," and of several inhabitants of the parish of Allhallows, London-wall, being summoned before Alderman James Clarke Lawrence for non-payment of their tithe, under that Act. They were startled also by the mention of fabulous rectorial city incomes, ranging from £2,600 to £950 of minimum amount; and no doubt many thought that these city successors of the tentmaker of Tarsus ought to be ashamed of such unapostolic emoluments. Yet the facts are on the whole as stated. If the City be rich, why should not its rectors share in the general prosperity? But what puzzles people most is, that this income bears the name of "tithes," and is yet more than a tenth of the value of the property tithed. In extra-civic parishes, rectorial incomes are at the best only three-fourths of a tenth of the rateable property, but here it is only a little less than a seventh: and hence one might be inclined to conjecture that Sunday, and not the code of Melchizedek, was concerned in fixing the rule of city tithing. It would appear natural enough that, as six days out of every seven belong to the laity and one to the Church, the clergy should have one-seventh of the good things of the world, while the laity were left in undisturbed possession of the remainder. Such, however, was not the principle on which the City of London was tithed 2s. 9d. in the pound for benefit of clergy, though Sunday, in another way, was closely concerned in fixing the rate. The city tithe is, in fact, a curiosity in its way, and its story is worth telling, though it is not necessary to believe that our clerical forefathers fared better than their successors of the present day. On the contrary, the living generation, owing to the vast increase of the value of house property, have far the advantage in those worldly comforts which it is never beneath the notice of the Church to appreciate.

Tithes in the City of London were originally a voluntary contribution, which by custom and prescription became a legal charge. Up to the reign of Richard II. the principle on which it was paid was one farthing for every half-pound of rent at which a house was valued, for every Sunday in the year, and a farthing additional for the eight apostolic saints' days, the vigils of which were fasts. This gives a rate exactly of 2s. 6d. annually in the pound that Londoners of the pre-Reformation times were content to pay for advice and consolations of clergy. In the reign of Richard II., however, a step in advance, but in the way of aggression, was taken by the clergy, who did not seem to be content with this eighth part of every pound of good money. Arundell, Archbishop of Canterbury, very conveniently discovered that there were twenty-two other saints whose names should be on the calendar; and accordingly a claim was put in for eleven-pence additional in the pound for these saints' sake, making a total rate of 3s. 5d. Those were days in which the Church wielded a spiritual power which laymen could not with impunity resist, and the ecclesiastical embargo was, consequently, with much grumbling, acquiesced in. The embers of discontent, however, did not always slumber. Many were the complainings, the bickerings, and the lawsuits, created by this unwelcome and certainly not revered eleven-penny group of saints, which filled up the interval between Richard and Henry VIII. The Reformation had now come, the monasteries had been dissolved, and the thunders of the Church were fast losing their terrifying powers. The clergy were in a mood for compromise, and Henry, by the aid of a Royal Commission, effected an arrangement by which the clergy were in future to be entitled to 2s. 9d. in the pound. The Act, 37 Henry VIII. c. 12, was passed, accompanied by a decree of the King, which made this charge binding on the City *in futuro*, and this Act, slightly modified by succeeding legislation, remained in force up to the 24th of June of last year. This rate, it seems, was acquiesced in for many generations after the enactment; but in later years, a new difficulty arose. The decree either had not been enrolled, or, being enrolled, neither the original document nor its registration could be found anywhere among the Public Records. Then followed more heart-burnings, and litigation without end, continued up to the present century. Counsel on the City side argued that without the enrolment of the decree the Act was of no force, and that enrolment could not be proved. The legal champions of the Church maintained that prescription, compliance with the Act for a long lapse of time, and presumption of an enrolment, were in their favour. Juries decided that the decree had been enrolled, and others that it had not. There were endless appeals and judicial decisions; but the final upshot was that the Church was triumphant, and 2s. 9d. in the pound remained the legal charge which there was no resisting. The Church throughout had gained to the amount of six of the imported unapostolic saints of Archbishop Arundell. Captious people often ask, "What is the use of having so many old-fashioned Popish saints on our calendar?" We now see what *was* the use, and to what extent the City of London has been guilty of the sin of their presence.

But we must not suppose that all the parishes in the City have been up to last year entitled to this tithe. In fact, only about a dozen were so. The great fire of London did more to relieve Londoners of this clerical impost than all the litigation that pre-

ceded or followed it ever effected. Before that calamitous event, London, we are told, was a forest of steeples, many of the churches adorned with which were never afterwards rebuilt on its rising from its ruins. So many habitations, also, were destroyed that for a time there were no houses to tithe; and the clergy were consequently brought into a pitiful financial condition, not unlike that in which the Irish parsons were left by the potato famine of 1846. Parliament was obliged to interfere, and the "Fire Act" of Charles II. (23 & 24 Charles II. c. 15), for "the Better Settlement of the Maintenance of Public Worship and the Clergy in the parts of the City of London burnt by the late dreadful fire," was passed for their relief. By the provisions of that Act a fixed annual income was provided for the clergy of the burnt parishes in lieu of the two-and-ninepenny rate to which they were previously entitled. As might be expected of a commutation made under such circumstances, the income derived from this source was, in a later age, found to provide but a paltry pittance for the clergy to live on; and the Act of Charles was amended by 44 Geo. III. c. 89, which provided that these incomes, or "annual certain tithes," should be increased. Both these Acts applied to spiritual incumbents only, and not to lay impropriators. Such was the state of the law as to London tithes until the passing of the Act of 1864, which has legalized certain compositions which had been previously agreed on by the clergy, patrons, and parishioners of six parishes in which the original rate of Henry VIII., up to that time, still held good, and also provided facilities for making similar compositions in five other parishes specified. By these arrangements the parish of St. Andrew-Undershaft guarantees to the present rector and his successors an income of £2,500; St. Catherine's, Coleman, £1,550; St. Olave, Hart-street, £2,600, of which £600 is for Church Endowment; Allhallows, London-wall, £1,700; Allhallows, Barking, £2,000; and St. Ethelberga, £950. All these arrangements are now in actual operation, two quarters' income having been already paid to the respective rectors and vicars. The parishes for which provision is made in the Act for a future composition are—St. Alphage, London-wall; St. Martin's, Outwich; St. Peter-le-Poor, Broad-street; Allhallows, Staining; and Christ Church, Newgate-street, in the last of which the tithes belong to lay impropriators. Thus the Act of Henry VIII. and its formidable tithe has ended its days in peace in all the London parishes but five, in which no doubt the last throes of vitality will also soon be extinguished; and well-furnished sinecures, with all the trouble of collection thrown on churchwardens, are provided for the deserving few of the Church, in the enjoyment of which they may rest and be thankful.

One mystery we are not able to unravel; and we should like to know how the present happy rectors of five of the six first-named parishes can account for the discrepancy. It may be presumed that the statutable incomes fixed by the late Act are less than those which were derived from the two-and-ninepenny rate before the compositions were mutually agreed on. The idea of a composition implies that some portion of a variable income, with trouble of collection, is sacrificed for the sake of a fixed income without that trouble. How, then, are we to account for the discrepancy between the statements of the incomes of these six parishes as they are given in the *Clergy Lists* of past years, and now fixed by this new Act of Parliament? The divergence in the two statements will appear from the following figures:—

Parishes.	Clergy List.	Act, 1864.
St. Andrew's Undershaft	£1,025	£2,500
St. Catherine's, Coleman.....	550	1,550
St. Olave, Hart-street	1,891	2,000
Allhallows, London-wall	477	1,700
Allhallows, Barking	956	2,000
St. Ethelberga	563	950

With the exception of St. Olave's, Hart-street, there is a very great difference in the incomes specified in these two columns. There seem to be no lay impropriators who take the lion's share of the spoil; and even, after making all allowance for first-fruits, tenths, curates' salaries, &c., the discrepancy can scarcely be accounted for on the principle of a difference between a gross and a net income. It is evident that before we account the happy rectors of these six choice parishes to be overfed, pampered, and bloated with good pay for their services, an explanation of the mystery presented by these two columns should, in justice, be afforded. That such can be done, and to the credit of the Church in the City, we have no reason to doubt. It may turn out, after all, that the revenues of these six incumbents are not so enormously unapostolic; but barely sufficient to support the dignity of the position of spiritual advisers of the citizens of the first city in the world.

STREET PREACHING.

WE own to being no great admirers of street preaching; but we should not, on that account, feel impelled to call for the interference of the police to prevent it as a nuisance. If it do no positive good, it is at least a very harmless occupation. We do not mean to deny, however, that it may do some good. There are thousands among the crowds that throng our streets on Sunday evenings who never hear a church sermon from year's end to year's end, and yet may, some of them, be arrested by curiosity to listen to a street preacher, and be occasionally benefited by his words. What he says may not be very edifying to cultivated

minds like that of Sir Robert Carden, but yet it may often tell with effect on the class of people they are addressed to. One great advantage in these sermons is, that you are not bound to hear them out. You can stop, and listen for a few minutes, and then, if you think the discourse unedifying, you can walk away—a privilege you do not possess in reference to unedifying sermons in churches. As to these Sunday gatherings obstructing the streets—which was the charge brought this week against the orator who holds out every Sunday evening at the Portland-road Station—the idea is too silly to be entertained, unless by some very irritable gentleman with a very atrabilious liver. There is none of the weekly traffic in the street on such occasions to be obstructed, the people are all in good humour taking their Sunday walks, and the preachers generally post themselves in side streets or wide open areas like that at Portland-road. Sir Robert's charge was, that he was obstructed in going in a direct line from the station to Portland-street. Now, the curious part of the matter is, that the exit door at that station is so placed that, whether there were preacher or no preacher, a free course was open for Sir Robert Carden to his destination. That door is on the east side of the building, facing Tottenham-court-road; so that if the preacher were to his right hand as he came out, he could file off to the left, and so pass round the building to Portland-street; or, if the preacher were at the left, by a like circuit he could travel to the right. In fact, the only obstruction in a straight line in his way was the station itself, which in any case he should have to take by a flank movement.

But the real gravamen was not in the obstruction, but in the discourse. The mortal offence which made the valiant knight's blood boil was given when the orator, in a burst of eloquence, pointing to Trinity Church, exclaimed—"There's a church full of aristocrats;" and again, when, in another moment of righteous indignation, he denounced the workhouses as "prisons and bastiles." This was intolerable—rampant Chartism—and so Sir Robert chafed and fumed until he unburdened his sorrows into the bosom of Mr. Tyrwhitt, the magistrate. No doubt it was all very wrong—but why make a fuss about such a trifle? It is said that there is a partial truth in every exaggeration; and the partial truths of which we are reminded by the exaggerated outbursts of eloquence of Sir Robert's offending preacher—who, by the bye, is a clergyman of the Established Church—are, fashionable West-end churches in which the poor are never seen, and the constantly recurring instances of death by starvation which workhouses do not prevent.

MR. SPURGEON NO CONTROVERSIALIST.

MR. SPURGEON never argues except to dead walls, or to assemblies which propriety teaches that they should not answer him, or when he is master of the position, and can say, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." But, notwithstanding all this assumption of dignity, it has happened to him, as it does to all braggarts who will not fight when called on to make good their ostentatious pretensions. He defied the whole Evangelical section of the Church on the platform of his Tabernacle, and now that he is challenged by Mr. Richardson to establish his charges by fair argument in open controversy, he beats a hasty retreat, and shelters himself under the plea that he is *not* a controversialist. Ambitious though he was to have the honour and glory of exposing the false pretensions of the Evangelical clergy, he eats humble pie before Mr. Richardson, and whimpers that he has "no ambition to be victorious in controversy." The business he undertook was to prove the "dishonesty," "untruthfulness," and "inconsistency" of good and faithful men; but now he pleads that his "simple business is to proclaim the truth of God." If so, he should have kept to his business. To attack by personal allusions the characters of others, and by an act of self-immolation to cut himself off from the Evangelical Alliance, was something more than "proclaiming the truth of God." But the truth is, that Mr. Spurgeon could not help himself. It was as natural for him to fight then as it is now for him to run away. "Proclaim the truth of God!" Mr. Spurgeon content to do no more! *Credat Judæus!* "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" Mr. Spurgeon cannot. But, as usual, our non-controversialist winds up his reply to Mr. Richardson by an appeal to the Great Master above—the great convenience of which mode of disposing of the question is, that Mr. Spurgeon knows well that the Great Master will not respond to his appeal by a miracle, and authoritatively expose him to public contempt by denouncing his folly and his cowardice.

THE IRISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

THIS new Ultramontane organization is rapidly coming to grief through its own blunderings, the most amusing of which is the accidental misuse, now discovered too late, of a single little word. The grand idea of this scheme for rescuing the Emerald Isle from the miseries of English misrule was to secure, at the coming general election, a devoted band of twenty-four Irish representatives, who, all pledged to its triple programme, would sit with blank countenances and mute lips on the benches of the House of Commons, and vote against every measure until justice were done to Old Ireland. The conception, though characteristically Irish, was not original, for more than once it had been tried before. The blundering was, however, quite original. The first hitch is, that of

the trinity of reforms to which the new brass band was to be pledged, "Free Education" has been left out of the rules. This is bad enough; but Mr. Bright's programme of "Free Land and Free Church" is also spoiled by the introduction of the disjunctive "or" instead of the copulative "and" between his two "watch-words." The twenty-four joints, therefore, of Dr. Cullen's new tail, instead of being kept together by a triple bond of connection, will not have even a single bond. Free Education, first of all, has been forgotten, and is "gone to the wall;" and, then, the two other items of the programme have been disjunctively disjoined. The units of the united twenty-four may, therefore, choose for their election pledges, each according to his fancy, either "Free Land" or Free Church, and thus the whole may become a disunited two-dozen. It is sad that death thus stares at the Association in the very first moments of its existence. But the greatest hardship of all is, that these blunders cannot now be rectified without the rather dangerous experiment of calling another aggregate meeting. How very silly it would look, and how very humiliating it would be, that the Irish Legate of the infallible author of the Encyclical should be obliged to hold a supplementary meeting to correct the errors of the grand Irish ecclesiastical demonstration of the year of grace 1864! Laymen, in managing such matters, do not generally turn out to be so fallible as infallible guides have here clearly proved themselves to be.

DR. COLENZO AT CLAYBROOK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I must beg you to allow me to reply briefly to the remarks which you have appended to my letter published in your last issue.

1. The Bishop of Natal had nothing whatever to do with the advertisement in the local papers, which was inserted by myself without the Bishop's knowledge, and was not withdrawn by me, because there was no time to withdraw it after receiving the Bishop's reply, which reply reached me as soon as it possibly could, that is, by return of post to my communication, on the Saturday morning before the Sunday fixed for the sermon.

2. The Bishop of Natal did *not* evade the delivery of the inhibition upon him, and so compel its being delivered to him when he was actually robed in church,—but he distinctly declined to receive it, replying, though not to the Bishop of Peterborough's agent, that he was not in any way subject to his lordship's authority, and that such inhibition could only be served on his own clergy.

3. Lastly, the Bishop of Natal did not attend a meeting to be held afterwards to denounce the conduct of the Bishop of Peterborough, inasmuch as no such meeting was held. He gave to my villagers, at my request, some account of the mission-work among the heathen of his diocese, and not a word was said about the Bishop of Peterborough.

I trust that as a Christian man you will *now* think it right to correct your original statement. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Claybrook Vicarage, Lutterworth, Jan. 10.

R. H. JOHNSON.

[We give all the correction which Mr. Johnson can desire by publishing this and his former letter. We repeat, however, that the facts stated generally in the press at the time (and so far as we are aware neither contradicted nor explained until Mr. Johnson's present letters) fully justified us in making our original statement. That statement was—"Subsequently, his" (Dr. Colenso's) "ill-judged attempt to force himself in September into a Leicestershire pulpit, in defiance of the inhibition of the Bishop of the diocese, gained for him no credit in the minds of sober men."

Mr. Johnson does not deny that the facts, so far as we could know them, were, that after the Bishop of Peterborough had intimated his refusal to allow Dr. Colenso to preach, the advertisement that he would do so was repeated; that after evading, avoiding, or refusing (it matters little which) the attempts of the Bishop of Peterborough's agent, made first at the vicarage, and again in the churchyard, to serve an inhibition upon him, Dr. Colenso appeared in church in his episcopal robes; and that subsequently a meeting was held, concerning which Mr. Johnson's statement that "not a word was said about the Bishop of Peterborough," must, we think, have been written in forgetfulness of the speech made by his own curate and son-in-law, the Rev. Lewis Wood. We ask what conclusion could naturally be drawn from these facts but that Dr. Colenso put on his robes with the intention of preaching, and would have preached but for the service of the inhibition upon him in the Church? Of course we accept unhesitatingly Mr. Johnson's assertion that such a conclusion was mistaken. But we maintain that it was one of which neither Dr. Colenso nor Mr. Johnson had any right to complain. We go further, and say that for Dr. Colenso to appear robed in church after his knowledge of the inhibition was an unbecoming act. And unless the following statement, which appeared at the time in the *Freeman*, a journal friendly to Dr. Colenso, can be denied, we go further still, and regard any sense in which it can be held that Dr. Colenso did not attempt "to force himself into a Leicestershire pulpit in defiance of the inhibition of the diocesan," to be a distinction without a difference:—

"The Bishop of Natal and his friends have met with treatment from the new Bishop of Peterborough which they will naturally resent as persecution, and will be sure to find many sympathizers. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to assume that the Bishop will always preach

what his brother bishops deem heresy, yet it is certain that he may do so. He had been asked by the Vicar of Claybrook, in Leicestershire, to fill his pulpit last Sunday. The Bishop of Peterborough sent the vicar an inhibition forbidding Dr. Colenso to preach. The Doctor, however, attended the service, morning and evening, in his episcopal robes, and announcements were made that the sermon which he had intended to preach would be printed, and a copy given to each parishioner. It was also announced that the Bishop would preach in the evening in the schoolroom. Of course the room was soon crowded, and the Bishop, with the congregation, had to adjourn to the open air, where he preached from "Our Father in Heaven." He delivered a kind of missionary sermon, interspersed with letters he had received from native converts since his arrival in England. The venerable vicar, eighty-three years of age, and the people of Claybrook, seem determined to assert the rights of Englishmen to be free from dictation."—Ed. L. R.]

A FORCIBLE ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.—A correspondent of the *Record* asks, in reference to the Bishop of Capetown's assertions that the Church of South Africa is "not Established" and that its bishops "do not choose that status,"—"Why, then, does the Bishop of Capetown continue the signature 'R. Capetown,' instead of the more suitable designation of 'R. Gray, Bishop,' after the example of the *unestablished* Episcopal Church of Scotland, or the Episcopal Church in the States of America? And if the Bishops of South Africa do not 'choose the status' of the Church at home, why are they so tenacious, as I found to be the case, of being addressed as 'Lord Bishop?' and why did Bishop Gray, soon after his arrival in the colony, correspond with the Colonial Office, in Downing-street, in order to have his right to precedence before the Lord Chief Justice, and immediately after the Governor, affirmed? The truth is, that the position, prestige, and even principles of the Church of England are claimed when convenient, and repudiated when inconvenient."

A MARE'S NEST OF RELICS.—A most decided case of relic worship has been just made out against the Wesleyan Methodists. At least so certain parties think who have wonderful veneration for relics themselves, and are glad at any time to find a similar weak point in an adversary's proclivities. The object of this alleged adoration was an old wig of John Wesley's, which was exhibited at the meeting of the Conference that was held at Cambourne, in Cornwall, in 1862, and was of course inspected by all Wesleyans present with no slight feelings of curiosity and respect. A few precious hairs, it also seems, of this wig—rumour even says that a whole lock was snipped off—were deposited with other treasure under the foundation of some Wesleyan chapel or schoolhouse, no doubt as a relic to be gazed on—perhaps worshipped—by future generations of Wesleyans as a real bit of the immortal founder of Methodism himself. Such is the latest discovered "fearful case of Romanizing" by acts of *dulia* by which the consistency of Methodism is now seriously imperilled.

MR. HILLYARD'S LAST.—The Evangelical clergy of Norwich had better look sharp to their congregations, or the church of St. Lawrence will count some of their numbers among its attendants. It is said that the secret of the success of Tractarianism lies chiefly in the excellence of its sacred music. What, if to this be added, for week days, the pleasures of the ball and the dance? We are told, through the ordinary channels of news, that the congregation of St. Lawrence enjoyed themselves last week at an agreeable social party in the Free Library of Norwich, and that the Rev. Mr. Hillyard and Mrs. Hillyard were present. After tea a ball took place, and the dancing was maintained until three o'clock in the morning. With this charm added to all Mr. Hillyard's other powers of attraction, he bids fair, no doubt, to be accounted the right man in the right place by the young ladies of Norwich.

THE BABY MONK.—Everybody has heard of Brother Ignatius's baby monk. There are five monks—all self-denying gentlemen—in his monastery, and baby is one of them, though being only three years old self-mortification cannot be a very agreeable matter to his feelings. All five have their heads shaven, save a narrow fringe in front, their feet are in sandals, and they wear the humble garb of the ancient Benedictines. Baby is clothed in a white gown and hood, with a rope girdle, carries a crucifix, bows to the altar when passing it, and makes the sign of the cross. In the evening he says his prayers on the altar steps, and is then carried to bed by a big brother.

THE BLESSED HAT, SWORD, AND GOLDEN ROSE.—The *Mémorial Diplomatique* gives the following account of the presents for the Emperor and Empress of Mexico which received the Pope's benediction at the Christmas ceremonies:—"The hat is of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, trimmed with a golden cord, having a dove—the symbol of the Holy Spirit—in the middle of the crown. In the palmy days of Papal splendour the hat was adorned by precious stones, and sent to whatever emperor, prince, or general had manifested in the most marked manner his belligerent propensities in defence of the Holy See, and was therefore accompanied by a sword with a golden pommel. The custom may be traced to the days of Judas Maccabeus, who had a vision, in which Jeremiah gave him a sword and desired him therewith to destroy the enemies of God's people. In these degenerate days, when wars for religion are no longer the thing, the Pope sends the hat and sword which he blessed on Christmas Eve to the prince or potentate whose conduct during the past year has demonstrated most obedience to, or zeal in the cause of, holy Mother Church. As to the rose, the Pope blesses one made of gold and jewels. On the fourth Sunday of Lent it is filled with sweet-smelling essences, typical of the odour of sanctity with which the Church is supposed to perfume the world in general. It is either sent to a princess who has distinguished herself by an unusual display of submission to Church discipline, or even to States or a church which has manifested like devotion. Thus Clement XIII. presented one to the Republic of Venice, and Alexander III. blessed a rose in the church of St. Mark, and offered it to Doge Ziani. There is one preserved at the Hotel Cluny which was presented to a Greek Empress."

FALSE CHARGE OF INDECENT ASSAULT BY A CLERGYMAN.—We are glad to find that the Grand Jury of the County of Warwick have ignored the bill of indictment against the Rev. Edward Ellis for an indecent assault on a girl named Elizabeth Cutler. The evidence for the prosecution turned out to be of an utterly worthless character; and now Mr. Ellis stands perfectly clear of the foul accusation brought against him. Mr. Ellis bears the highest character for piety and zeal as a clergyman. Testimonials accordingly expressive of the strongest conviction of his innocence were addressed to him by the Bishop of Tuam, by the Rev. E. K. Elliott, M.A., by the Rev. Sir Christopher Lighton, Bart., M.A., by the Rev. Alexander Dallas, M.A., by the Rev. Dr. Stanford, and by several other clergymen and gentlemen who have known and respected Mr. Ellis for a great number of years; and these will carry no slight weight in his favour, after the break down of the evidence, in clearing him in public opinion of the last remnant of suspicion of his guilt.

POLISH CONVENTS.—The new regulations for the management of Convents, whose existence is now to be permitted in Poland, have been published by the Russian Government. They are not only released from all subordination to the provincials of their respective orders, but forbidden communication with their former ecclesiastical chiefs. They are to be subjected to the bishops of their respective dioceses, and the powers of these bishops are accurately defined by the Government. The visitor in each case is to be chosen by the bishop, but with the assent of the Minister of the Interior and of Public Worship. The bishop is to have the nomination of the priors, superiors, and other officials, but these appointments will have no effect until they also have received State approval. Novices can only be admitted by the civil authorities; and every monk, when absent, will be obliged to have a pass from the police, which he must produce when demanded of him by any of the authorities. Under such restrictions it will be no easy matter for monks and nuns again to aid a Polish insurrection.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF A SWEDISH CATHEDRAL.—On the 21st ult., the library of the Cathedral Church of Ströngnäs, Sweden, was destroyed by fire. It contained a great number of Scandinavian antiquities, valuable manuscripts, and rare books, which came from the pillage of the convents of Bohemia and Moldavia during the thirty years' war. The library was founded in the fifteenth century, and science and literature have by this catastrophe suffered an immense loss.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

The past week has been one of comparative stagnation in London music; pantomime still forms the chief attraction at both the Opera houses, and the concert season is only just on the eve of commencement, the first step having been taken by a new "Beethoven Society," which commenced a series of eight performances at Willis's Rooms last Saturday evening. The present institution differs from previous similar associations, in admitting a larger admixture of music by other composers than the one whose name is attached to the scheme. Thus, at the first concert, two quartetts and one song were the only pieces of Beethoven announced, while Mendelssohn's first Pianoforte Trio, and various miscellaneous vocal pieces made up the remainder. Hence the special object of the society was scarcely fulfilled on this occasion, as some pianoforte work of Beethoven's should certainly have been included. The quartetts, which had evidently been carefully studied, were admirably led by M. Sainton, who was well supported by Mr. Pollitzer, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Pezze.

The performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," given during the week at Drury Lane Theatre, with "pictorial illustrations," was a mistake in every respect, notwithstanding the precedent pleaded of former similar proceedings at Düsseldorf. Handel's oratorio music is so sublime as to far transcend the realism of scenic or dramatic effects; which, however well executed, cannot but tend more or less to vulgarize a high ideal.

The Popular Concerts are to be resumed, after a longer interval than usual, on Monday next.

The Vocal Association seems to be giving signs of reviving animation by the announcement of a *soirée* for Wednesday last—with no novelty, however, in the programme.

The Sacred Harmonic Society is to give Spohr's "Last Judgment" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" on Friday next; and the National Choral Society the "Creation," on the following Wednesday.

Meyerbeer's posthumous opera, "L'Africaine," seems now to be fairly on the road towards publicity, the news from the Continent speaking of frequent and active rehearsals.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

SOME of the theatres are beginning to vary or strengthen their Christmas programmes. A farce, called "A Snug Little Business," will be produced at the Strand Theatre next Monday; and on the same evening a little comedy in two acts, by Mr. John Oxenford, called "Billing and Coing," will be produced at the New Royalty. The new version of "Robert Macaire" at the Lyceum will probably be played on Saturday, the 21st. The late Sheridan Knowles's play of the "Hunchback" will shortly be played at the Adelphi, with Miss Bateman in the character of Julia. New scenery is being painted for this revival. An adapted play by Mr. Tom Taylor is being prepared at the Olympic, the "Hidden Hand" having had too much arsenic and paralysis in it to please average

audiences. Mr. Boucicault is in London—active as ever—with two or three dramas and a comedy. The comedy—"How She Loves Him"—may not see the light at a London Theatre just yet, but Mr. Telbin has been retained to paint landscape scenery for one of the dramas, "Arrah na Pogue." The Irish play will doubtless be produced at the Princess's in March, if not before; and Mr. Boucicault is negotiating with Mdlle. Stella Colas to appear at some other house in "Omoo," another version of the French drama known in this country as the "Sea of Ice."

On Monday last a pleasant little drama, with a highly improbable plot, was played for the first time at the Strand Theatre under the title of "Laurence's Love Suit." The author is Mr. J. P. Wooler, and the piece provides the young actress from Liverpool (Miss M. Palmer) with a part in which she can do something more than look pretty and wear fine dresses. She wants ease, and her pronunciation is not free from a few provincialisms; but she acts with great earnestness and strong feeling. The dialogue of the piece is somewhat inflated, here and there, and the construction is amusingly artless. The leading idea of the drama may have been borrowed from the comedy of "Money."

The American papers bring us news of the death of Mr. J. W. Wallack, an actor whose fame was made in this country by his spirited performances in romantic drama. He created the character of Don Cesar de Bazan on English ground, and was the original Massaroni in Planché's "Brigand." He played Robert Macaire excellently, but in this part he was outdone by Frederic Yates, if not by T. P. Cooke. As a manager in New York he was much respected, and he died at the full age of 73.

THE ART JOURNAL for January is illustrated, as usual, by three steel plates—"Rout of Comus and his Band," from the picture by Sir Edwin Landseer in the National Gallery, a good rendering of an ineffective subject; "Mercury and Argus," from Turner, a very magnificent picture, strikingly engraved; and "A Basket of Loves," engraved by E. W. Stodart, from the bas-relief by Thorwaldsen. In addition to these plates we have the usual number of wood-engravings, including some specimens of the wood-carvings by Grinling Gibbons in the choir of St. Paul's; while the literary matter is more than usually interesting. Besides the commencement of a series of articles on "The Authors of the Age," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall (the first devoted to Thomas Moore), we have the introductory article to a series by Mr. Ruskin, to be called "The Cestus of Aglaia," in which the writer proposes to inquire into and determine the laws of art, and at the same time invites the communications of correspondents, so that the whole subject may be debated. We shall look forward to this series with interest, though somewhat doubtful of its leading to any positive result. There is also, in the present number of the *Art Journal*, a curious introductory chapter to a history of "Finger-rings," by Mr. F. W. Fairholt.

SCIENCE.

A VERY curious example of the extreme tenuity which plates of iron may be made to attain was recently forwarded to the *Birmingham Journal*. It consisted of a letter written upon a sheet of iron, which was so thin that it weighed little more than twice as much as a sheet of writing paper. The writer, who is resident in South Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, considers the specimen to be the thinnest plate ever rolled. We have been informed that when tested by one of Holtzapfel's gauges, the thickness of the sheet was found to be the one-thousandth part of an inch.

M. Caron's recent reports upon the subject of graphite as an agent in the manufacture of steel, go to prove that graphite is not a suitable substance, as the following experiment demonstrates:—A bar of iron, one centimetre square and thirty centimetres long, was heated in a large earthen tube, filled with new graphite, broken into pieces about a cubic centimetre in size. The air had access at the extremities, which were imperfectly plugged with two pieces of graphite; and the tube of porous earth permitted the entrance of the gases of the furnace, which by the way was fed with graphite. The tube was exposed to a cherry-red heat for six hours, at the end of which time the bar was drawn from the tube, and hammered and tempered preparatory to its examination. The metal was found to be fibrous, it could hardly be bent when cold without being completely shattered, and its surface was easily acted on by the file; in fact, it gave no sign of its having been converted into steel. According to the experienced opinion of M. Caron, graphite is not the only form of carbon which is useless as a medium for the conversion of iron into steel. Lampblack, coke, and all carbons deprived of alkalies and gaseous carbides, will prove equally valueless.

The subject of bone-caves still creates considerable excitement in the world of palæontology. The latest announcement connected with cavern-fossils is that contained in the recent letter from M. Van Beneden to M. de Quatrefages. The former *savan*—so familiar to naturalists, through his memoirs upon Entozoa—has been for some time engaged in an indefatigable investigation of the remains of prehistoric man, and has transmitted to the Secretary of the French Academy an account of his latest discoveries. The cave to which the writer especially refers is that of Nutons, in the valley of the Lesse, and at a height of about forty metres from the water-level. M. de Quatrefages does not call the specimens which were found in the cavern, fossils, as he conceives that this term is

somewhat too elastic in character. The bones were found scattered about in all directions—the long bones, as those of the arms and legs, being placed horizontally, and the others in irregular positions. A human skull, in perfect condition, was discovered beneath an enormous block of stone, which remained attached to the walls of the cave by means of a series of stalagmites. In the interior of this cranium were found several small stones, which, as they were smaller than the *occipital foramen*, must have entered through that opening. Half a dozen nearly perfect skeletons were found; the remains of others were useless, from the circumstance that they had been destroyed by the action of water. By the side of these human relics were observed the bones of a bear [not the *ursus spelæus*, but one more approaching the existing species], an ox, a horse, a reindeer, a beaver, a glutton, a goat (the same as our domestic species), of several species of carnivora, of various birds and fish, and finally the remains of several species of snail [*Helix pomatia*; *H. lapicida*, *H. arbustorum*, and *H. cellaria*], and of a fresh-water bivalve, *unio battava*. The explorer also mentions that he perceived numerous examples of flint weapons of primitive form, particles of burnt wood, calcined bones, and morsels of rude pottery. From a careful survey of the character of the cavern, its position, form, &c., M. de Quatrefages concludes, "Que ces os humains ont été déposés en même temps que les os des animaux." After all, considering the characters of the associated animals, this conclusion may not be so far wrong.

It may now be nearly regarded as proven that the nerve-fibres do not terminate in the parts to which they are distributed, but after travelling from some particular centre to an extremity, then take a backward course, and finally arrive at the point from which they started. Admitting this view, we then have another fact in support of the hypothesis that nerve-force, as it is called, is nothing more than electricity acting under peculiar conditions. Dr. Beale, though he by no means claims for this doctrine a universal assent, still conceives it to be at least probable. In speaking of the two sets of cells, *caudate* and rounded, which are connected with the nervous filaments, he attributes to the latter the power of originating currents, while the other is concerned more particularly with the distribution of these, and of secondary currents induced by them, in very many different directions. A current, originating in a *ganglion cell*, would possibly give rise to many induced currents as it traversed a *caudate nerve cell*. It seems probable that nerve currents, emanating from the rounded ganglion cells, may be constantly traversing the innumerable circuits in every part of the nervous system, and that nervous actions are due to a disturbance, perhaps a variation in the intensity of the currents, which must irremediably result from the slightest change occurring in any part of the nerve-fibre, as well as from any physical or chemical alteration taking place in the nerve centres, or in any of the peripheral nervous organs.

Report says that the greatest desideratum of the dyer—a new recordant for the aniline colours—has been attained. It consists of acetate of aluminium and arsenicate of soda; and its discoverer, Herr Schultz, believes that it will eventually replace albumen, gluten tannin, and the various other substances now employed for a similar purpose. To prepare the compound, Herr Schultz mixes, at an ordinary temperature, four grammes of ordinary aniline violet, in powder, with a quarter of a litre of acetate of alumina, and twenty grammes of arsenicate of soda, which he thickens with starch boiled in water. In the case of prints, it is recommended to mix the arsenicate of soda and the acetate of aluminium with the colouring matter, and to steam the fabric over the mixture. For dyeing, it is said to be better to treat the tissue in the first place with a mixture of the two salts, and afterwards to dip them in the colour vat in the usual way.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THIS society held its fourth evening meeting of the present session, at Burlington House, on Monday, the 9th inst., Sir R. I. Murchison, president, in the chair.

Mr. J. G. Taylor read the first paper, which was entitled, "Notes of a Visit to the Sources of the Tigris, with an account of the Ancient Remains found in their Neighbourhood." The author commenced by describing the boundaries of the Turkish province of Kurdistan, within which lies the district which he has lately explored in search of monuments, inscriptions, and other ancient remains. The whole of it, with the exception of the portion which comprises the northern part of Mesopotamia, is diversified by high mountains, undulating uplands, and fertile, thickly-wooded valleys, abounding in ruins of castles famous in mediæval history. One of the most interesting places visited was the ruins of Kurkh, situated about fourteen miles to the south-east of Diarbekir, on the right bank of the Tigris. The large mound here seen is the remnant of an old Parthian fort, built of large blocks of neatly-cut basalt, while the smaller mounds, from the remains of mosaics found in them, seem to indicate the site of a palace connected with the fort. At the north-western corner of the large mound the author discovered a stone slab bearing the effigy of an Assyrian king; it was covered on both sides with lengthy inscriptions in the cuneiform character, except near the base, which had been left bare to admit of its being sunk erect in the ground as a monument, commemorating some deed of conquest. Sir Henry Rawlinson considers that the site of Kurkh answers to that of "Tooskan," alluded to in the inscription on the great monolith exhumed by Mr. Layard, where distinct reference is

made to one of these, then undiscovered, tablets commemorating the Assyrian kings' campaigns and successes. At Eggil (the Inghilon of the ancients),—a picturesque old town on the slopes of a mountain north of Diarbekir, with streets like flights of stone steps—another Assyrian figure and inscription were found on the face of a projecting rock; and within a few miles of the main source of the Tigris two other similar remains, one of them in an excellent state of preservation. Numerous Parthian remains, including a spirited representation in high relief of a warrior on horseback, and also the ruins of a primitive Christian church, were met with, among many other relics, and carefully examined by Mr. Taylor. The various small streams, which together form the sources of the main branch of the Tigris (here called Dibeneh Su), were crossed by the author in an excursion to the north. Some of these sources are within five miles of other sources which fall the opposite way into the Euphrates. After a course of three miles the principal stream of the Tigris plunges into a lofty cavern, and is lost underground for a distance of two miles, emerging on the south-east, and then continuing its course towards Diarbekir. The numerous masses of rock which now choke the stream near this cavern, and the detached arches, seemed to indicate that the tunnel was formerly of much greater length than it is now. The statement of Strabo with regard to the extremely long underground course of the Tigris near its sources was, therefore, in all probability, not far from the truth.

Sir Henry Rawlinson explained to the meeting that the public were indebted to Mr. Taylor for many of the most important remains of antiquity recently added to the British Museum. It was he who had excavated the site of the ancient cities of Chaldaea, dating many years before Nineveh and Babylon, and as a reward for these services the Government had appointed him consul at Diarbekir, a position which he had turned to good account by visiting and investigating a district rarely visited by Europeans. The geographical discoveries he was able to make at the sources of the Tigris were a proof how much can be done in the way of exploration by a traveller stepping out of the beaten route. He was firmly of opinion that out of Europe, beyond the high roads of communication, we really know nothing, and that the fear, suggested by Mr. Gladstone at the last anniversary dinner, of the approaching exhaustion of their subject, need not trouble the minds of geographers. With regard to the ancient remains mentioned in Mr. Taylor's paper, the most interesting discovery was that of the two Assyrian inscriptions near the principal source of the Tigris. One of these belongs to Tiglath Piliser I., who reigned about B.C. 1110, and the other to Ashurizir-pal (the king of the Nimroud monolith), who dates about B.C. 880. The fact that such memorials had been placed in the situation where they have been found, by those monarchs during their northern expeditions, had been ascertained years ago by the reading of inscriptions found at Nineveh, and he held this recent discovery by Mr. Taylor as another striking proof of the truth of those interpretations.

Mr. Taylor, at the invitation of the President, gave an interesting account of the success of a party of American missionaries at Diarbekir. When they commenced their labours, fourteen years ago, they were so ill-treated by the inhabitants that they scarcely dared walk in the streets, but by dint of perseverance in their good work, they now have a congregation of 500 families, and have built two churches. In answer to a question put by Mr. John Crawford, Mr. Taylor stated that converts from Mahomedanism were extremely rare.

The second paper was "On the Lake Nor Tzai-san," by M. A. Abramof. This was a detailed description by a resident of Berezov in Siberia, of a large lake ninety miles in length, situate near the Russian frontier, in the north-western corner of Chinese Tartary. The Russians have a fishing station upon it, which is visited by a Chinese official once a year, when a peace offering of salted fish is presented.

The President, in adjourning the meeting, announced as the subject for the next evening (Jan. 23), a paper by Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., "On a Project of an Expedition to reach the North Pole."

THE FORMATION OF BOGS AND MORASSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I find in the notes to the "Economy of Vegetation," by the earlier Darwin, the following very remarkable statement regarding the rapid formation of bogs and morasses. Darwin has abbreviated the statement from *Philosoph. Trans. Abridg.*, vol. v. p. 272:—

"In the year 1651 the Earl of Cromartie being then nineteen years of age, saw a plain in the parish of Lockburn covered over with a firm standing wood, which was so old that not only had the trees no green leaves upon them, but the bark was totally thrown off, which he was there informed by the old countryman was the universal manner in which fir woods terminated, and that, in twenty or thirty years, the trees would cast themselves up by the roots. About fifteen years after, he had occasion to travel by the same way, and observed that there was not a tree nor the appearance of a root of any of them; but, in their place, the whole plain where the wood stood was covered with a flat green moss or morass, and, on asking the people what was become of the wood, he was informed that no one had been at the trouble to carry it away, but that it had all been overturned by the wind, that the trees lay thick over each other, and that the moss or bog had overgrown the whole timber, which, they added, was occasioned by the moisture

which came down from the high hills above it, and stagnated upon the plain, and that nobody could yet pass over it, which, however, his lordship was so incautious as to attempt, and slipped up to the armpits. Before the year 1699 that whole piece of ground was become a solid mass, wherein the peasants then dug turf or peat, which, however, was not yet of the best sort."

Supposing this to be an accurate record of facts, and there seems no reason to doubt it, it reduces immensely the period demanded by the ethnologists and palæontologists of the present day for the formation of peat mosses.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. F. B.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—Tuesday:—Institution of Civil Engineers. Continued Discussion upon Mr. Taylor's Paper "On the River Tees," and, if time permits, the following paper will be read:—"Description of the Port and Docks of Marseilles." By Mr. T. Hawthorn.—Friday:—Philological Society. 1. "On the Use of *who* in the Nominative as a Relative before A.D., 1637." By F. J. Furnivall, Esq. 2. "The Provincialisms of North and South Lonsdale (North Lancashire)." By the late R. B. Peacock, Esq.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

ENGLISH SHAREHOLDERS ABROAD.

A decision was pronounced by the Master of the Rolls a few weeks since, which was calculated to work incalculable mischief to the interests of *bonâ fide* shareholders in Joint Stock Companies if the judgment had not, on appeal to the Lord Chancellor, been rendered inoperative by the very sensible and practical course adopted by his lordship. Our readers may have perused, about a year and a half ago, a report of the proceedings of the Factage Parisien—the Parcels Delivery Company of Paris—on the occasion of that undertaking being first started. The company had a valuable concession, an adequate capital, a fair prospect of business, and the French and English directors created quite a sensation over the water when they fraternized at their banquetings in Paris, and rivalled each other in graphic descriptions of their future success—and, indeed, there was good ground for hopefulness if only the concern were discreetly managed. But the rock on which so many fair schemes have already foundered, and on which so many others are yet destined to perish, is no less fatal abroad than at home.

The Frenchmen went to work expending the English capital with such a will, that it would seem as if their only object had been to ascertain in how short a time a given sum of money could be wasted. "The French *employés*," says the correspondent of a daily paper, "seem to have treated the affair as if it were 'business of the State,' with the Imperial treasury behind them; and this, as I understand, in spite of perpetual protests from the London board. That a Parcels Delivery Company in Paris would pay, if properly managed, must be plain to everyone who knows this city, where a large army of 'commissionaires,' 'chasseurs,' and 'concierges,' are for ever on the march."

Great difference of opinion, it appears, existed between the French directors and their English colleagues as to the mode of conducting the business of the company. The English board thought that it should be worked on a principle similar in every respect to the large carrying company of Messrs. Pickford. It was, no doubt, a very difficult matter for the English board to control and reduce the expenditure of a French board, who advanced very cogent reasons, saying that as Frenchmen they understood the wants of their countrymen better than Englishmen could: so they were suffered to go on up to a certain point, at which the English directors insisted upon appointing an English manager, in the person of Mr. Le Brun, who had been for a long time one of the chief officers in the agency of Messrs. Pickford. To that appointment the French directors demurred, and sent in their resignation, which was accepted, and an English committee was appointed in place of the French board. Proposals had meanwhile been made for the surrender of the concession, that it might be worked by Frenchmen; but as this proposal did not provide for the interests of English shareholders, it was declined; whereupon M. Jarry, formerly a director, on the occasion of the last call being made, filed a bill for the compulsory winding-up of the company. Since June last, when Mr. Le Brun assumed the management, he had been engaged in curtailing expenses, and the result was that their traffic was increasing, while their expenses were being lowered. The contracts which the French manager had entered into were so unprofitable that in one case Mr. Le Brun had to pay a considerable sum to get rid of the remaining half of the contract. There was no opposition in Paris, and if the company succeeded in obtaining the support of the French public, there could be no doubt of the ultimate success of the undertaking. If matters went on for one year under Mr. Le Brun's management, the receipts, it was stated, would cover the expenditure, and this would place the company upon a sound footing. Assuming that the company wound up, a sum of at least £40,000 would be required as compensations to be paid for determining leases and relinquishing contracts. To continue operations, the sum required would be, basing calculations upon the present receipts and expenditure, even supposing the traffic did not increase, about £13,000, and an additional sum of £10,000 to clear off existing liabilities.

In this pleasant state of things the Master of the Rolls decided, on the petition of M. Jarry, and one or two others in the interest of the French dissentients, that the company, being a losing concern, should be wound up. According to this principle, if affirmed, any new undertaking which is not yet earning a profit might be crushed by any two or three shareholders presenting a petition to wind up. They would only have to show a loss, and the order would necessarily follow. This, on the face of it, seems so unreasonable that the directors were well advised to appeal. On the hearing of their appeal, the Chancellor directed a meeting of the shareholders to be called, and the question being one solely for their consideration, left them to decide it for themselves. One would have thought that a course which so clearly commended itself to common sense might have been suggested without the delay and expense of an appeal. However, upon the meeting being held, early last week, the cause of the non-success of the speculation soon became apparent. We can imagine nothing more absurd than the state of the company as Mr. Le Brun found it when he undertook the management. In the account he gave of it at the meeting, he expressed his astonishment at the ridiculous and inexcusable nature of the blindness which had been committed.

"He then proceeded to detail the extraordinary nature of the contracts entered into, and the strange mode of business followed by the French directory and their manager. He explained a novel system of sending money from one part of Paris to another, and if 50 francs were deposited, and only 20 sent, the company was responsible; and for this they had only threepence paid them per hundred francs. When money was delivered a receipt was required, but the directors very often forgot to ask for the receipts, and the result was, the company had to pay back the money. They had no end of those claims. The porters often kept the money in their pockets, and when inquiries were made who carried the money, it was Peter, Paul, or Jack, but the directors could not recollect who it was carried it; and as it could not be proved who pocketed the money, hence the responsibility of the company. Again, merchants who would not give them parcels to carry were willing to give them work in collecting accounts of ten francs here and five francs there. They had to take the bills and serve them in the different quarters. These were given to the porters to collect, and they put the bills in their pockets and forgot them for weeks. The bills, therefore, were not produced in time, and the company had to pay, and for those services they got 2 per cent. (a laugh.) He had had to pay off large amounts of money in a few months for bills lost. Then M. Bornier issued a prospectus that all kinds of things might be expected at the Factage, and that they could be informed what any cargo of goods would cost at any port in the world—a matter of impossibility. When he arrived in Paris he also found there was no end of contracts with coal-merchants to deliver charcoal in Paris, and to collect the empty sacks. There were strings to each sack, and if these were not returned they had to pay five cents for each string. In some cases where fifty sacks were delivered they could only get one or two at a time returned, and they had to keep a debtor and creditor account of those sacks. He then pointed out that they had no end of subscribers who had been solicited to sign a paper, on the understanding that their parcels would be carried to any part of Paris for three-halfpence. This was done with a view of trying to show the English directors that a very large business was doing in Paris. One could hardly imagine the mess in which everything was in Paris when he arrived. He had to dismiss from the central office 35 clerks, and it was impossible, under the circumstances, that they could revive from this state of things at once."

Of course the meeting, on hearing these explanations, decided unanimously on giving their venture a fair trial, and the neat grey horses which visitors to Paris are now accustomed to see drawing quaint-looking carts laden with parcels, are to continue to delight the Parisian public, in the hope of bringing a profit to the English capitalists who found the money to pay for them. We wish the concern all the success it deserves. But our immediate object in alluding to the matter is, to impress upon our readers who invest in such undertakings the importance of looking to the appointment, in all cases, of the right man to the office of manager. After all, more depends on the manager than on the directors. If this company had started with a good manager in Paris, it undoubtedly would have been a success. It has failed simply because it has been mismanaged. The cause and effect are unusually clear in this instance, because the story is told with unusual candour and perspicuity. This frankness is owing partly, perhaps, to the fact that the English directors are respectable men, but partly, no doubt, to the circumstance that the blame of failure rests on the French management. It is easy to make a full confession of the faults of others. The meeting, before separating, passed a formal resolution to the effect that the petition, which originated in Paris, was simply the petition of parties who were disappointed in influencing the direction in the management of the company; and the shareholders trusted the Lord Chancellor, in giving his decision, would not saddle the company with the costs of the petition, which ought never to have been presented.

If the petitioner, in this case had been left to pay the costs of their chancery proceedings, the lesson will not have been thrown away on that class amongst shareholders who, disregarding the good of the general body, harass and worry the management with a view to personal and private interests, which they often prosecute with too much encouragement and success. When lawyers can get the costs of such petitions paid out of the funds of the company, we may be tolerably certain that the number of such proceedings will multiply apace.

THE LAWYER'S DIARY.*

THIS is an invaluable book to members of the legal profession. It contains a mass of important information, and refreshes the memory on almost every subject which a lawyer is likely to have under his consideration. The whole is well arranged, and many a non-professional man may find some of the various forms of legal proceedings useful on an emergency. The Acts of 1864 are well arranged and digested; but, above all, this book contains what so many similar works do not, a good and copious index, so that it is easy to get at what one wants to know.

THE ACCOUNTS OF PUBLIC COMPANIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The able and justly-written article on the balance-sheets of insurance offices and the subsequent remarks on the prospectus of the Royal Insurance Company demand particular attention.

There is no more important subject for the consideration of shareholders in all companies, whether limited or unlimited in liability, than the publication of full and true accounts of receipts and expenditure, as well as of assets and liabilities.

There is one very important defect in the present Joint-Stock Companies Act—no company is required to register any accounts, nor is any power given to the public or creditors to inspect them.

Why should not all companies be compelled by Act of Parliament to publish a true statement of their affairs? Not the garbled accounts that are too frequently put forth, defying even the experienced to ascertain the position with any degree of accuracy.

Take, for instance, the last report of the Royal Insurance Company, said to be one of the most successful of companies which does not publish any account of receipts and expenditure. Though the public are favoured with the gross amount of fire premiums received, there is most carefully concealed the amount of losses and expenditure, both in the fire and life department; neither can it be ascertained what is the amount or the particulars of the assets and liabilities.

In justice to the "Royal," it must be stated that other companies evade giving such particulars; but when a company places itself so prominently before the public, and states that every information is rendered in the complete and satisfactory manner that can be desired as an example to other companies, it is rather singular that they should fail to give that which is most essential—viz., a balance-sheet.

It is considered that all public companies should be compelled to register and publish full and true balance-sheets. One half that are at present published are but mere evasions. Doubtless, if such were strictly carried out there would be some startling disclosures and great changes in the Stock Exchange list of the prices of shares.

You, sir, will be rendering an essential service to the public generally, as well as to shareholders, by using your powerful pen to bring the subject prominently before the Legislature in the ensuing session.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Jan. 12, 1865.

A. B.

THE Directors of the Bank of England, at their weekly court on Thursday reduced the minimum rate of discount from 6 to 5½ per cent.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about 2 per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25·17½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 2·10ths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

By advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 423¼ per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13·4¾ per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is therefore rather more than 1·10th per cent. dearer in London than in Hamburg.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at sixty days' sight is 238 per cent., and the premium on gold is about 217; at these rates there is a profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

There has been a considerable amount of business in Colonial Government Securities. Canada 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1877-84) fetched 95½ ex. div.; ditto (Feb. and Aug.), 98; 5 per Cents., 85 ex. div.; Ceylon 6 per Cents. (1878), 110; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1871-6), 93½ 4 ex. div.; ditto (1888-92), 93½ ex. div.; New Zealand 5 per Cents., 90½; Queensland 6 per Cents., 101½ ¾ ex. div.; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and Oct.), 107½. India Stock (1874) fetched 215 13; 5 per Cents. (1870), 103½ ¾; 4 per Cents. (1888), 97½; 5 per Cent. Enfaced Paper (1872), 102½.

The amount of business at the Bank Discount-office has only been moderate. The general market was quiet, with a good supply of money, and the rate for choice bills was 5½ per cent., with exceptional transactions at 5¾.

In the Stock Exchange the supply of money was large and the demand light. The charge for loans from day to day on English Government securities has consequently declined to 3 and 3½ per cent.

The Foreign Stock Market was exceedingly firm, and two of the alterations were rather important. Turkish Consolidated advanced ¾, to 49½ ½; and Italian Five per Cents. were ¾ per cent. better, in consequence of the buoyancy on the Paris Bourse—the quotations were 64¼ ½. Mexican improved ½, to 28¼ ½; and the New Stock also ½, to 26½ ¾. Greek Bonds, however, were ½

* The Lawyer's Companion and Diary for 1865. London: Stevens, Sons, & Haynes.

worse, being $23\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$; but the Coupons remained steady at $10\frac{1}{2}$. Spanish Passive Bonds were without change, at $32\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{2}$; and the Certificates rose $\frac{1}{8}$, to $14\frac{3}{8}$, $5\frac{5}{8}$. The Confederate Loan was up $\frac{1}{4}$, at 51, 52; Egyptian Scrip continued at $1\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, prem.; Danubian receded $\frac{1}{4}$, to $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$ dis.; and Montevidean did not vary, being $2\frac{3}{4}$, $3\frac{1}{4}$ prem.

The Stock Exchange Committee have appointed Monday, the 16th instant, a special settling day in the following companies:—Eastern Assam Limited, for bargains entered into on and after the 29th of October last—to be marked. Natal Investment Limited, for bargains entered into on and after the 2nd of September last—to be marked in twice a week lists. Yorke Peninsula Mining Limited—to be marked in substitution of the Bon Accord Copper Mining Company.

In the market for bank shares a renewed decline took place in Alliance. Midland and South Eastern Bank shares were also quoted rather lower, but English and Swedish, European, Standard Bank of Africa, Anglo-Austrian, and Anglo-Italian Bank shares, have all improved; the advance in the latter was £1 per share, owing to the part which is being taken by this establishment in the arrangements for the sale of the Italian crown domains.

The shares of the financial companies were in demand, and rose in most cases 2s. 6d. to 5s. per share. The closing quotations are annexed, viz.:—International Financial, 2 7-16 to 9-16 premium; General Credit, 3 5-16 to 7-16 premium; London Financial, $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ premium; Imperial Mercantile Credit, $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ premium; and Credit Foncier and Mobilier, $3\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ premium.

Hudson's Bay shares were last quoted $16\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$; Egyptian Trading, $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ prem., being firm, owing to the favourable statements relative to the coming dividend; National Discount, $10\frac{1}{2}$ to $11\frac{1}{2}$ prem.; and Joint Stock Discount, $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ dis. Scottish Australian Investment stock rose 2 to 3 per cent., and there were inquiries for City of London Real Property, North British and Mercantile Insurance, and Société Financière d'Egypte. Land Securities were flat. Ottoman Société Générale were quoted $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ prem.

During the past week the movements of the precious metals have been of a rather extensive character. The imports have amounted to about £464,863, including 100,870 from New York, by the *Glasgow*; £11,324 by the *Canada*, and £232,000 by the *City of Cork*. The *Parana*, from the Brazils, has brought £30,738; the *Syria*, from Alexandria, £2,131; and about £87,800 in silver has been received from the Continent. The exports have comprised £41,951 to the East Indies and China, by the *Delhi*; £100,000 in gold has been sent to Egypt; and there have been remittances to the Continent through private sources, estimated at about £186,780, the total amounting to £328,731.

The traffic receipts on the railways in the United Kingdom for the week ending the 31st December amounted, on 11,774 miles, to £581,360, and for the like period of last year on 11,448 miles, to £542,723, showing an increase of 326 miles and of £38,637 in the receipts. The gross receipts on the 14 principal lines amounted in the aggregate on 8,275 miles to £477,390, and for the like period of the previous year on 8,033 miles to £443,225, showing an increase of 242 miles, and of £34,174 in the receipts. The traffic receipts on 62 other lines amounted on 3,499 miles to £103,961, and for the same period in the year previous on 3,415 miles to £99,498, showing an increase of 84 miles and of £4,463 in the receipts. The total receipts of the week, as compared with those of the preceding one, ending the 24th December, exhibit a decrease of £93,931.

From a circular of Messrs. Pixley, Abell, & Langley we extract the following:—Statement of the imports of gold from Australia and America during the past seven years:—From Australia: 1858, £9,725,108; 1859, £9,830,944; 1860, £6,659,590; 1861, £6,474,451; 1862, £6,310,500; 1863, £5,164,752; 1864, £2,426,400. From America: 1858, £5,304,896; 1859, £14,560,062; 1860, £8,677,294; 1861, £83,450; 1862, £9,865,610; 1863, £7,874,179; 1864, £7,465,103. The export of gold to the East Indies and China during the same years is also shown:—From London: 1858, £168,305; 1859, £788,270; 1860, £1,612,900; 1861, £591,392; 1862, £971,582; 1863, £3,104,000; 1864, £1,255,208. From Mediterranean: 1858, £165,230; 1859, £142,144; 1860, £765,138; 1861, £367,788; 1862, £139,172; 1863, £147,400; 1864, £4,450,210.

The general business of the port of London last week exhibited rather more activity. At the Custom House 182 vessels were announced as having arrived from foreign ports. There were three from Ireland, but no colliers. The entries outwards comprised 99 vessels, and those cleared with cargo were 72, besides which 18 were dispatched in ballast. The departures for the Australian colonies have been ten vessels, viz., two to Sydney, of 1,909 tons; two to New Zealand, of 1,558 tons; one to Adelaide, of 359 tons; four to Port Philip, of 4,338 tons; and one to Hobart Town, of 617 tons; the total amounting to 8,781 tons.

ACCORDING to the last report of the Bank of France, the metallic reserve has again declined to the extent of 29 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions. On the other hand, the discount accommodation has increased not less than 93 millions, of which 56 were in Paris and 37 in the branch banks. The advances on bullion, rente, and railway securities have varied but little. On the side of the liabilities the notes in circulation have risen 24 $\frac{1}{4}$ millions. The account current of the Treasury has fallen off 32 $\frac{3}{4}$

millions. Private accounts have advanced both in Paris and the departments, 13 millions in the former and 6 in the latter. The item of "sundries" shows an augmentation of from 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions to 25 $\frac{1}{2}$. The whole amount of the metallic reserve is at present 330 millions to 796 of notes in circulation.

THERE is a talk of the formation of a company, with a capital of 40,000,000, to *Hausmanniser* the city of Florence. MM. Pereire, Bixio, and Thomasi are said to be the promoters.

FRENCH COMMERCE.—"The comparative table of the foreign trade of France for the first eleven months of 1864," says the *Constitutionnel*, "has just been published, and shows that the commerce in question is constantly increasing. First of all, the imports for the first eleven months of the last four years are as follows:—For 1861, 2,236,709,000f.; for 1862, 2,024,213,000f.; for 1863, 2,224,195,000f.; for 1864, 2,260,360,000f. For the exports of French merchandise the increase is much more considerable. Their official value in the same periods as above were:—1861, 1,727,462,000f.; 1862, 2,012,992,000f.; 1863, 2,392,191,000f.; and 1864, 2,684,641,000f. The augmentation is about 285 millions for the last year, or about 12 per cent.; and the returns of 1864 show an increase of 55 per cent. over those of 1861. This is an irrefutable proof of the happy effects of free trade."

IN consequence of a convention between the society for the sale of the Italian crown domains and Messrs. Laing & Mackenzie, of London, the society will advance 150,000,000f. to the State. The subscription for bonds will be opened before the 15th January in the principal cities of Europe.

THE following Royal decree has been promulgated:—"Victor Emmanuel II., by the grace of God and the national will King of Italy. On the proposition of our Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, and in concert with the Minister of Finance, we decree as follows:—"Art. 1. On the 25th January, 1865, the gold and silver money of Pontifical coinage, of whatever value, will cease to have legal currency in the provinces of the Romagna, the Marches, and Umbria. The silver scudi and half-scudi not considered in our decrees of the 6th August, 1864, and temporarily called in in the above-mentioned provinces by the decree of the 29th September, 1864, will also cease to have currency on Jan. 25, 1865, as well as in all the other provinces of the kingdom where they have been freely admitted in circulation under governmental regulations. From Jan. 26, 1865, therefore, no Pontifical money whatever will be any longer accepted at any bank in the kingdom, and may in a like manner be refused by the mercantile community and private persons. Art. 2. From the 25th to the 30th January—that is to say, for five successive days from the cessation of the legal circulation—the above-mentioned money will be admitted in exchange for its corresponding decimal value in gold and silver at the rate stated in the annexed tariff, according to the order of our Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, at all the provincial treasuries, as all the offices of the communal collectors and directors of the various branches of our financial administration in the provinces of the Romagna, the Marches, and Umbria. The sums and fractions under 20 centesimi will be compensated by bronze money.—VICTOR EMMANUEL, TORELLI, Q. SELLA. Turin, Dec. 31, 1864."

THE Bank of Holland has reduced its rate of discount from 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent.

M. VON PLENER has paid to the Austrian Bank the sum of 9,136,790fl. as an instalment on the older debt of the State to that institution. According to the convention concluded between the State and the Bank about two years ago the Minister of Finance will have to pay to the latter 11,146,671fl. on the 14th of February next. The sums to be paid by the State to the Bank in 1865 and 1866 amount to 95,822,981fl., but it is doubtful whether M. von Plener will be able to act up to his engagements. During the year 1864 bank notes of the value of 20,000,000fl. were withdrawn from the circulation, and the metallic reserve was increased by 1,481,654fl. The notes now in circulation amount to 375,000,000fl.; the stock of specie in the cellars of the Bank is 112,191,238fl.

ACCORDING to the *Levant Herald*, an important scheme is now before the Grand Vizier which proposes nothing less than the uniform consolidation of the whole home debt of the empire on a basis and on terms which will, the authors of the project affirm, effect an economy to the Government of more than £600,000 a year. At least, the seriousness of the plan is guaranteed by the source whence it emanates—the London General Credit and Finance Company and the Paris Société Générale.

ACCORDING to reports now current, an arrangement between the Greek Government and the Protecting Powers has been virtually concluded, the latter having accepted the general principle of cancelling retrospective claims upon Greece and of sharing with her in a certain ratio the remaining portion. This arrangement is understood to have been entered into on the ground that it would facilitate an adjustment with the unguaranteed bondholders, and so enable the Greek Government to conclude a new loan for reproductive works.

IT is stated from Athens that, as the late Assembly only voted the budget until March next, the new Parliament will be called together next month.

THE Crown agents for the colonies have invited tenders for a loan of £340,000 for the Cape of Good Hope, on 5 per cent. debentures, redeemable in 36 years.

WITH reference to the production of cotton in the North Western provinces of India, the following important statement appears in the price current issued by the Bengal Chamber of Commerce:—"An official report on cotton cultivation in the North Western Provinces during the present season has just been made public by Government. The breadth of land under this crop has increased from 11,35,688 acres in 1863, to 17,30,634 in 1864, or at the rate of 52 per cent., and the yield is estimated at 19,48,966 maunds against 11,22,051, an increase of 74 per cent. With a continuance of favourable weather it was thought two millions of maunds might be reached; of this a fourth would probably be retained for domestic use, and the remainder be available for exportation, at or near late prices."

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE NILE BASIN.*

WHEN, on his return from Africa, Captain Speke announced at an extraordinary meeting of the Geographical Society that he had discovered the sources of the Nile, we at once entertained serious doubts of the correctness of his views. These doubts, as our readers will remember, we frankly expressed (LONDON REVIEW, Sept. 26, 1863), and met with small credit at the time, because we stood entirely alone. In the space of comparatively few months, a revolution has taken place in public opinion, so that among thinking persons there is probably no one who believes what he accepted for truth in the summer and autumn of 1863. The sources of the Nile, which great geographers then thought as plain as way to parish church, still continue unknown, and it remains for a man who unites knowledge and modesty with enterprise to unveil them. The old rule, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, does not hold good with respect to an author who, whether dead or living, must be held responsible for the statements he makes; for, whatever becomes of the man, the book remains, to instruct or to mislead. Captain Speke did not discover the sources of the Nile, and his gold medal from the King of Italy, and the laudations of the scientific in this country, were therefore thrown away. The old mystery, which has glimmered like a bog-fire for more than two thousand years before the eyes of mankind, resumes its place therefore, to beckon enthusiastic persons to fame and distinction. Captain Burton, in the little volume before us, points out the contradictions and disproves the statements of his former fellow-traveller, but not exactly in the way that we should have wished; he is too minute, too persevering in following the Will o' the Wisp course of Captain Speke, to be at all times even intelligible to the general reader. There is a sort of cant language among geographers, sometimes well, but oftener ill-chosen, which gives rise to perplexity and confusion of ideas. To make the present subject clear, it is necessary to show, first, that the Lake Nyanza neither is nor could be the source of the Nile; and, secondly, that there is a river flowing into that lake or marsh from the south-west which will probably turn out to be identical with the great stream of Egypt. Every reasonable excuse may be made for travellers in regions so barbarous for falling into error respecting the levels of lakes or the heights of mountains; but they are unpardonable when they maintain that these observations and experiments were conducted with sufficient care to decide the most important problems in geography. Captain Speke would have deserved much credit if he had told us that he did not clear up this or that point, because he could not; that he caught glimpses of water here and there, but was unable to say whether it formed part of the same great body or of several distinct reservoirs; that he was detained as a prisoner for a considerable time, during which he could investigate nothing; and that throughout the greater part of his course he was scarcely ever a free agent. We should still have been very glad to accept such information as he had to communicate, and have thanked him for it. But, having been sent out by the Geographical Society to lift the veil from the head of old Nile, which he had assured its leading members he was able to do, he thought it incumbent on him to take full credit for success, though while engaged in recounting his story he repeatedly broke down. The statement had been put forward in the face of Europe, that Captain Speke had followed the Egyptian river from source to mouth, which, in the oddest way possible, he said he did, partly in his own proper person, partly through the reports of the natives. In this latter way, every member of the Geographical Society, without stirring from Burlington House, may achieve the same triumph. Still, no scepticism was exhibited by the scientific audience when Captain Speke confessed in their presence that at the Karuma Falls he took leave of a river, and saw it travel away westwards far beyond sight, and that, after travelling nearly a hundred miles by land, he came up again to the banks of a river, which he felt persuaded was the same, but which might nevertheless have been totally different. This obviously destroys all reliance on the affirmations put forward in his name, that he had followed the Nile from source to mouth. It will be remarked that we by no means say that the river he left and the river he met with will not be hereafter found to be identical; we only maintain that their identity is not proved. Ptolemy, in the second century of the Christian era, put forward, on the authority of certain traders into the interior, a theory respecting the Nile, which seems likely to be found correct. He says it rises in two lakes, lying south of the equator, and that the streams, after flowing separately for a considerable way, unite to form the Nile. Up to this time, in spite of the explorations of a host of intelligent travellers, we know neither more nor less than that Greek of Lower Egypt told the world seventeen hundred years ago. We have no desire to put forward any conjecture on the subject of the Nile's springs, but, before their positions can be assumed to be satisfactorily determined, the whole region must be accurately surveyed from four or five degrees south to as many degrees north. This it will be admitted is a difficult task to be undertaken, and one which cannot be performed by any single individual. People are very apt, in

cases like the present, to convert a scientific investigation into a personal discussion, which has undoubtedly been done in regard to Captain Speke. Had the sources of the Nile been discovered, it would have signified very little to the world whether the task had been accomplished by A or B; but, through the weakness of persons who fancy themselves to be geographers because they belong to the Geographical Society, two parties have been created in this country, one bent upon proving the recent traveller to be right, the other equally bent on proving him to be wrong. This is obviously not the way to arrive at the truth. When a discovery has been clearly made, it may always be clearly stated, in which case no room is left for cavilling. But Captain Speke's statements were anything but clear, so that only one point could be made out with certainty—namely, that he had not made the discovery he pretended to have made. Captain Burton affirms that Speke and Grant came up to the edge of the water only on two points, so that they had no means of determining whether what they call the Nyanza were one or two or more lakes. The natives maintain that there are two, and that there runs a ridge of hills or high ground between them, over which they were surprised the captains did not travel.

Having said thus much concerning our disbelief in the discoveries of the recent explorers, we cannot avoid hazarding a few remarks in their behalf. It is extremely easy, sitting by our firesides here at home, with nothing worse than a few garotters, burglars, and ticket-of-leave men to contend with, to reproach explorers in distant countries with not accomplishing everything we wish them to accomplish. But among the savages of Africa, full of superstition, devoured by suspicions of white men, insolent, blood-thirsty, and stupidly ignorant, every step the traveller takes he takes, as the Arab proverb expresses it, with his life in his hand. If you consult a map, they consider what you are doing to be a process of conjuration designed to bring up heaps of gold from the bowels of the earth; if you sound the depths of a lake or river, it is your intention to dry it up; if you apply yourself to observing the moon or stars, you mean by your incantations to blot them out from the face of heaven; if you bring down your observations to earth, and venture to look at their women and children, your purpose must be to blast them with the evil eye. Some dirty savage, whom, to enhance their own consequence, vain travellers call a king, undertakes, perhaps, to interrupt or cut short your movements, and you have to devote days, weeks, or possibly months to allaying his jealousy, and gaining permission to proceed on your way. Nor is this all: fever, ague, paralysis, deafness, blindness, co-operate with the squalid Africans in arresting your progress or putting an end, once for all, to your life. In the expedition of 1858, Captain Burton assures us that he was doubled up by paralysis, while Captain Speke was deaf and almost blind. Nor need this at all excite our surprise. Central and Western Africa are the very home of miasmata of all kinds, which steam up from the poisoned entrails of the earth, to blast the health or deaden the mental faculties of all within their reach. By way of trying his hand at various things, Captain Speke ventured into the regions of ethnography, and undertook to describe and classify the tribes inhabiting the lake country of Africa; but we are very little the wiser for his account—or, rather, if we lay any stress on it, we are further than ever from comprehending the subject. In another work, Captain Burton himself speculated on races in an odd way—assuming, for example, that some races are pure while others are only so many amalgams. But, in fact, there is no such thing as a pure—that is, an unmixed—race. The currents of population have, in the course of time, crossed each other in a thousand ways, so that the whole surface of the globe is covered with human mongrels, which are taking new forms by undergoing new modifications every day. In Africa, slavery is the great agent of change, for the women of one tribe or nation are often, after being purchased, carried several thousand miles, and then set down among a people totally different from their own. There they marry and bear children, and pollute, or, at all events, alter the blood of the community to whom they bring their venal charms. To traverse Africa without prepossessions, that is, perfectly free from a ready-made theory, would enable a traveller to add many valuable facts to the science of ethnology; but Captain Speke, being no way qualified for doing this, has only augmented our perplexity by his well-meant contributions to science. However, our business is at present with the Nile, which it must be owned has given the learned portions of mankind a great deal of trouble, though to behold it in all its might and majesty never fails to convince the traveller that it is worth while to follow the old dragon of Egypt to his hidden cradle somewhere in the interior. All the tribes and nations which dwell on the banks of the Nile, whether white or blue, regard it with superstitious reverence, maintaining that there is a divinity in its waters which support and heal and bless all who drink it. The oldest and greatest poet of Greece, who had heard much of the Nile, maintains that it comes directly from Zeus, which is true; but then it must consent to share this advantage with all other rivers, since they every one of them descend from the clouds. The old bard, however, goes further, and sends his divinity annually to spend a fortnight or so among those simple natives with whom his imagination peopled the mountains about the springs of the Nile. This ruralizing of the gods Mr. M'Queen is angry with, and vituperates after the following fashion:—

"Homer also tells us that Jupiter, with his licentious and profligate Olympian household train, yearly visited Upper Ethiopia, and spent

* The Nile Basin. Part I. Showing Tanganyika to be Ptolemy's Western Lake Reservoir. A Memoir read before the Royal Geographical Society, November 14, 1864. With Prefatory Remarks. By Richard F. Burton, F.R.G.S.—Part II. Captain Speke's Discovery of the Source of the Nile. A Review. By James M'Queen, Esq., F.R.G.S., Author of "A Geographical Survey of Africa." Reprinted by permission from the *Morning Advertiser*. London: Tinsley Brothers.

twelve days in each visit in licentious revelry, drinking nectar, or the 'pombe' of those remote regions. The actual point of Jove's sojourn in that quarter had to this day escaped the researches of mankind, until Captain Speke, amongst other strange discoveries and pictures made by him, has shown as clear as a pikestaff that it was in the capital of the kingdom of Uganda, then, as now, ruled by a King Mtesa, where licentiousness and profligacy prevail to an unlimited extent, and where the court and people do little else but prepare and drink 'pombe,' 'flirting' with ladies, and stealing queens' hearts, as Speke says they do. Amongst such, Jupiter would readily find a kindred society, their revelries commencing then, as now, with 'uproarious' banquets, and terminating with the fresh flowing cup to settle their squabbles."

But, relinquishing such drollery to the merry geographer, we shall present our readers with Captain Burton's recapitulation, which correctly represents, we think, the state of the Nile question at the present moment:—

"I will conclude with a statement which to some may appear paradoxical, namely, that the real sources of the Nile—the 'great Nile problem'—so far from being 'settled for ever' by the late exploration, are thrown farther from discovery than before. They are not, we have been told, *in nubibus*, but they elude our vision. The exploratory labours of years, perhaps of a whole generation, must be lavished before even a rough survey of the southern Nilotic basin can treat the subject with approximate correctness of detail. 'Mais les sources du Nil, sont-elles découvertes?' inquires our fellow-labourer in the field of geographical science, M. V. A. Malte Brun. '*Nous ne le croyons pas.*' No geographer does, no geographer can, believe in the actual 'settlement' of the Nile Sources. That the Tanganyika is the Western 'top head' or reservoir—not source—of the Great Nile, and that the Bahari-Ngo, which supplies the Tuburi, is the Eastern, I have little doubt. But the Arcanum Magnum of Old-World Geography has not yet been solved. The venerable lines—

'Arcanum Natura caput non prodidit ulli;
Non licuit populis parvum te, Nile videre,'

have gained rather than have lost significance. It still remains to this generation, as to its forefathers, 'Caput quærere Nili'—to close the Canon of Geographical Discovery."

ENGLISH AMERICA.*

A WELL-WRITTEN, comprehensive, and graphic account of the social life, the political tendencies, the material growth, and the resources of Canada, could not fail to be interesting at a time when so many circumstances conspire to direct attention to our great North American dependency. But we are bound to say that those who look for anything of the kind in this work will be grievously disappointed. It is not enough to say that the style is wanting in elegance, point, force, and liveliness; or that it is bald, careless, and slipshod. It abounds in the flowers of that peculiar language which is the delight of penny-a-liners and of the writers of prospectuses, and is an utter abomination to every one else. For instance, Mr. Day desires to tell us that Mr. Macdonald, who was the Canadian Premier in 1862, ran away from home when a boy of eleven; was caught and brought back; escaped again; served for some time in a store; got tired of this drudgery; became a lawyer, and rose to eminence. This is how he does it:—

"The estimable subject of my sketch was born at St. Raphael, county of Glengarry, Upper Canada, in December, 1812. His early history is not devoid of romantic adventure, interspersed with a dash of wilfulness. At the early age of eleven he became a fugitive from his father's house. While attempting to escape far beyond parental control, he was discovered just in time to prevent him from carrying out his intention. However, upon being brought home, he played the truant again, but this time with more success. Having wandered for a long distance, he was compelled by necessity to article himself to a store-keeper, at a small remuneration. After two or three years passed in this manner, his judgment ripened, and he began to feel the indignity of his position; events which one or two humiliating incidents seem to have effected. Finally, he suddenly threw up serving in a store, and decided upon studying law—a resolution to which his present high station is entirely attributable. Thus do great events spring from trivial causes."

The last touch is perfect. It is exactly the sort of moral tag with which our friends of the "devouring element" and "the electric fluid" round off their more ambitious compositions.

Instead of saying simply that there were but few ladies on the grand stand at a race meeting, Mr. Day prefers to inform us that—"Here and there, like an oasis in the desert, peered a female face, half hidden by a parasol, which (the face or the parasol?), without exhibiting any particular radiance, relieved the dull monotony of the scene." He hopes that the Inter-colonial Railway will be carried out, because a new survey of the route has lately been commenced; he says:—"Such a favourable sign of action begets the hope that the long-wished-for Inter-colonial Railway will be ere long, not an ideality, but a reality." A grey-haired gentleman is "silvered o'er with years;" commerce is a "mighty magician;" the features of a fine landscape constitute "a veritable phalanx of beauty;" a kitchen that is too small "does not suffice for culinary purposes;" a female toll-gate keeper is "the follower of so proletarian an occupation as a toll-collector," and her clumsy red arms are "thick

rubied arms that hung from her shoulders with anything but rustic grace." When Mr. Day is tempted by thirst to pluck a few apples from the road-side trees, we are informed that the fruit "induced me to become for a time morally obliquitous to the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, in other words, to break the eighth commandment." Puffing advertisers are demolished in this style:—

"Socrates discovered the innate pride of his friend, the Cynic philosopher Antisthenes, peering through the rents of his tunic. In like manner the ridiculous pretensions of mercantile mountebanks and quack nostrum-mongers, may readily be discerned by the flippant and arrogant character of their puffs—nauseous odours, which having passed through the alembic of their minds, they consider fragrant as the breezes of Araby."

It is not often we meet in ordinary literature with a passage so thoroughly in the style and so completely up to the mark of the slashing controversialists who are retained by Moses or Holloway for the confusion of rival tailors or pill-vendors. The "literary gentlemen" in question had better look to their laurels—and their engagements. As they would probably themselves remark, "There is another Richard in the field."

So much for the style of the book: the matter is not much better. We do not mean to say that it does not contain a certain amount of useful information. On the contrary, there are several chapters devoted to gaols, lunatic asylums, and schools, which are full enough of dry facts and raw figures to satisfy a Social Science congress. But then the members of such a body have an exceptional capacity of digestion. We are not all intellectual ostriches; and a light meal of tenpenny nails is apt to disagree with a delicate stomach. Moreover, this useful information is balanced by a great deal of information of the most useless kind. We really do not care to know whenever Mr. Phillips Day is invited to dine with a prominent man, or to join a "distinguished party." "My friend," Baron Boilleau, the French Consul-General at Quebec, may be a very excellent man, but few English readers can be much interested in hearing how many orders the Pope has conferred upon him, whom he married, or what was the matrimonial fate of his wife's sister. We could have put up with a copy of the inscription upon a monument erected by the Earl of Dalhousie to Wolfe and Montcalm, if Mr. Day had shown the dimmest perception of the absurdity of devoting fourteen lines to the noble earl and four to the two generals. But he gives it to us with the utmost gravity, as if it were rather a good specimen of an inscription than otherwise, and as if it were intrinsically interesting to know how a Ramsay patronized a Wolfe. Again, we should like to know what we have done, that we should be compelled to read a page and a half of verses that somebody sent Mr. Day on the occasion of the apple-plucking we have already referred to; or why we should be bored with the entire bill of fare of a dinner given by the citizens of Montreal to the Governor-General ("to which I had the honour to be invited"), or with the full programme of the procession which followed to his grave a colour-sergeant who was murdered at Quebec? The leaders of the *Morning Star*—"that brilliant luminary in a Bright constellation"—are all very well in their way; but no leading articles bear keeping for two years. Their cold remains, served up after hanging so long, do not make an appetising dish. We dare say the people of Montreal were greatly excited by Lord Monck's first visit to their city, but it does not at all excite us to read a chapter of twenty pages on this subject, written in the style of a provincial newspaper reporter describing the opening of a public park. We certainly were not "privileged to form one of the group" which assembled on the Albert Wharf in order to receive his Excellency. Still, admitting the inferiority of our position in that respect, we cannot help saying that, although it may be true that at the levée which his Excellency held, "the *tout ensemble* was admirable, and the proceedings were conducted with consummate order and courtly state," we have quite enough of our old friend "Jenkins" in the *Morning Post*. We do not wish his company in a book of travels. Possibly, if Mr. Day had not exhausted himself in the laborious duties of a colonial court chronicler, he might have been able to furnish us with a more intelligible account of Canadian politics than is contained in a list of parties, one of which is described as "Hincksite reformers—adherents to the policy of Baldwin associated with the Grand Trunk." Who Baldwin was; what was his policy; how it was associated with the Grand Trunk; and why people who adopt it should be called "Hincksites"—are problems which Mr. Day leaves his readers to solve for themselves. Perhaps he feels that his strength does not lie in political discussions, and so far we are entirely with him. We cannot venture to anticipate any material addition to our knowledge from a gentleman who quotes with apparent approval Dr. Johnson's absurd observation that "where all nations are traders there is nothing to be gained by trade; and it will stop first where it is brought to the greatest perfection." But this omission to explain what needs explanation, when so much is told that no one cares to know, may possibly be accounted for simply by the fact, that one thing did not happen to get into Mr. Day's note-book, while the others did. For, if we may judge from the way in which all sorts of topics are huddled together, we should imagine that he went through the colony note-book in hand, jotting down anything that happened to come across him; and that he has subsequently written out his memoranda just as they chanced to stand—very much in the same way in which an indifferent reporter transcribes his stenographic character. But we have still more serious faults to find with Mr. Day.

* English America; or, Pictures of Canadian Places and People. By Samuel Phillips Day. London: Newby.

It seems that while he was in Canada Sir Allan M'Nab died. Now, Sir Allan M'Nab had been a man of note in his day, and a short account of the principal events of his life would not have been uninteresting. But the dead man might have been allowed to rest in his grave without an English writer disinterring colonial scandals, and placing it formally on record that his life was characterized by anything but a high sense of commercial probity. It would have been bad enough to indulge heedlessly in such an insinuation; but Mr. Day does not sin heedlessly, for he commences the sentence in which this cruel imputation occurs with a mawkish parade of "the delicacy of feeling" which would induce him, if he could, to abide by the maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. We should like to know why he could not have let a public man's private character alone. But even that is hardly the worst. Sir Allan's deathbed was the scene of a very painful contest between the Anglican clergyman of the parish, on the one hand, and some members of his family, with the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese, on the other. Not content with disturbing his last moments by their efforts to make him die in the one faith or the other, the two ecclesiastics subsequently fought a stout controversy in print for the posthumous possession of his soul; nor was his funeral permitted to pass off in peace. We can quite understand that a good deal of public feeling was excited in Canada by these occurrences. But surely it was enough that a dying man's last moments should have been discussed in the colonial press; surely it was enough that the veil which decency and good feeling alike throw over such a scene should have been once raised. Why should the feelings of his surviving relations be needlessly wounded by the devotion of some eight pages of a work on Canada to details of a purely private and personal character? Mr. Day, indeed, appears to expect that some one will put that question, for he asks us to believe that he would "much prefer flinging a veil over the proceedings in the dying man's chamber, did not the interests of truth demand that they should be known." The interests of truth forsooth! Yes: the same "interests of truth" that Mrs. Candour had in view when she told ill-natured stories of her friends; or to which the paragraph writers in the daily press have regard, when they concoct a highly seasoned account of an inquest, or of what they call "a tragedy in real life."

The best chapters of Mr. Day's book are those devoted to lunatic asylums—of which he seems a connoisseur. But persons who are interested in gaols may also consult the work with advantage. We cannot say that we have derived any new or more vivid ideas of Canadian scenery from the descriptions here given; and, as we have already intimated, we do not consider the author's political disquisitions at all edifying or instructive. We are, however, glad to find he agrees with every one else in representing the Canadians to be thoroughly attached to their connection with England; and that he takes the same view which is now generally accepted of their conduct in rejecting the Militia bill, introduced soon after the Trent difficulty. It was at first supposed that this was due to a disinclination on the part of the colony to make an effort for its own defence. But subsequent events have proved that this was a mistake, and that the measure in question was only rejected because in the opinion of the Canadians it did not carry out the object proposed in the best way. As the Federals are just now complaining so loudly of the Confederate raids from Canada, it may not be uninteresting to know something of the doings of their own agents in a British colony:—

"A Northern emissary, named Max, was somewhat more successful in Hamilton, Canada West, than his colleague who had just made a sudden exit from Quebec. The former succeeded in engaging a number of Canadians in that city upon pretence of affording them work in a cotton factory at Chicago. Twenty of the supposed *employés* went on to Windsor, intending to cross over to Detroit. Before reaching their destination, however, a few were rendered insensible by drugged liquor. On arriving at Detroit, they were accosted by Federal officers, when the eyes of the sober men opened to the snare set to entrap them. Clearly, it was intended to force them into the Federal ranks, as there was no cotton factory in the town. Discovering the trick that had been practised upon them, they seized the miserable German and compelled him to recross the river, and then and there, under threat of instant immersion, caused him reluctantly to disgorge three hundred dollars, partly as a recompense and partly to defray their expenses home to their families. This amount was generously shared with ten other dupes, who had been similarly deceived, and had travelled to Windsor, where the occurrence created considerable excitement. It was fortunate for the German that the deception he practised did not cause him the forfeiture of his life. I regret to state that the tempting offers of bounty held out by the War Office at Washington had induced several British soldiers to desert from the garrison on the Island of Orleans. The garrison of Quebec, however, was creditably free from such disaffection, although unhappily tainted with crimes of still deeper turpitude, to which I shall duly revert."

Mr. Day seems to have devoted considerable attention to the Indians who still remain in Canada. Taken altogether, he estimates that there are not more than some 13,000 now scattered over the colony. Their numbers appear to be declining; and the purely-bred savage does not seem to be capable of civilization.

"The half-breed may, indeed, be transformed into an agriculturist; but the pure-blooded Indian never. It is not the nature of the latter to till the soil, for which labour his savage indolence totally unfits him. The Indian must ultimately become extinct, and fall away before the presence of a superior race. Even now, hundreds die annually of sheer starvation in the woods; while hundreds more

are smitten down by small-pox, fever, consumption, and intemperance. These are the terrific scourges—the Furies that pursue the Indians, especially when brought into contiguity with the white man. The contemplation of such a result is painful; but it probably comports with the designs of Him 'who seeth not as man seeth,' and 'whose wisdom is past finding out.'"

We do not profess to entertain any of that sentimental admiration for the Red Indians which the last generation imbibed from Cooper's novels. But there is no doubt that they have from time to time fascinated white men in a strange way. Here is an instance:—

"A singular story is told of the Baron of Saint Casteins, a native Oleron in Bearn, and an officer of the Carignan regiment in Canada, who, upon the dissolution of his corps, became attached to the Abenakis tribe, with whom he lived in close companionship during twenty years. Preferring the forests of Acadia to the Pyrenean mountains that encompassed his own home, he not only essayed to become a savage, but actually married amongst the tribe of his adoption. The Indians esteemed him greatly, and made him their principal chief and reputed sovereign of the nation. Owing to his important position he was enabled to realize a considerable fortune. This he employed in purchasing goods for the various tribes, which he distributed to them as presents. As gratitude seems to be an instinctive attribute of the Red Man's nature, they, on their return from hunting, bestowed valuable furs upon their chief, far exceeding the cost of the favours they had received. The Baron had several daughters, who allied themselves with needy scions of aristocratic French families, to whom the dowries they brought proved important acquisitions. In order to set his fellow-savages a good example, and to illustrate that God did not love inconstant people, he never changed his wife, as was the custom with the Indians. He endeavoured to convert the Abenakis to Christianity, but his efforts proved unavailing. So great was the respect and dread in which he was held, that the Governors-General of Canada treated him with courtesy, while those of New England appeared afraid of him."

There is some useful knowledge to be gleaned, by those who have any reason to care for the subject, from a chapter on the Canadian oil-springs; and if there is any one who has not had enough of English quack advertisements, he may feed full of that kind of thing in a long chapter which Mr. Day has devoted to the Canadian article. We do not know that there are any points other than those we have mentioned on which his book is worth consulting. We do not say that we have never read a worse book. That would be an exaggeration. But we cannot conscientiously say that we ever read a duller one. Certainly we never read one in which the author had taken so much pains to write himself down as an unmistakable "snob."

CARDS AND CONJURATION.*

PLAYING-CARDS, according to the general belief, were invented in France, about the close of the fourteenth century, to amuse the languor and waywardness of Charles VI., during a period of imbecility. Mr. Taylor, in the learned and interesting work designated at the foot of this article, denies the truth of the tradition, and looks to the East as the native region of cards, though it is not to be questioned that their general characteristics, their appearance, and their application, have been largely modified in Europe. They were originally, says our author, invented in India, and were brought into Europe by the Gipsies, who seem to have been of Hindustani, rather than Egyptian, parentage, and who even to this day are great manipulators of those little bits of pasteboard which in their hands are made to do as wonderful things, and reveal as important secrets, as our modern tables under the influence of "the spirit world." With the Asiatic races, cards had a symbolical, mystical, and divinatory character. The pictures on them consisted of figures and devices to which serious and even awful meanings were attached; and in some of the earlier European specimens, still preserved in France, Italy, and Germany, similar figures and devices are to be observed. In the primitive European cards, the sun, the moon, and other astronomical bodies,—Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, and various allegorical abstractions,—Death, the Devil, and the Last Judgment,—are strangely mixed up with such mundane individuals as the Pope, the Papess (Pope Joan), the Emperor, the Empress, the Fool, &c. These cards are called *tarots*—a word of which the derivation is very obscure. One noticeable feature of the tarot series is that it appears in all its numbers to be based on combinations of the figure seven, the sacred and mysterious number of all Oriental and of many Western nations. Thus, the pack consists of seventy-eight cards, but, omitting the Fool (which has no value in itself, and is only used as a means of increasing the value of any card which may be combined with it), the number is seventy-seven, or eleven times seven. The total amount is divided into two classes, of twenty-one (three times seven) and fifty-six (eight times seven), respectively. Cards, in the opinion of Mr. Taylor, were introduced into Europe about the end of the thirteenth century, and were known first of all in countries more south than France. A French writer—Beneton de Peyrins—even believes that they were used by the ancient Romans in the days of their decadence. Records exist which show that the Chinese had them in the first half of the twelfth

* The History of Playing-Cards, with Anecdotes of their Use in Conjuring, Fortune-telling, and Card-Sharpping. Edited by the Late Rev. Ed. S. Taylor, B.A., and Others. London: J. C. Hotten.

century; and, although that singular people more commonly give ideas than borrow them, it is possible that in this instance they may have been indebted to their neighbours in Hindostan. Modern Hindustani games of this description are played, not, indeed, invariably with cards, but with pieces corresponding in a marked degree with the early tarots of Europe. These pieces are of an oblong or circular shape, divided into a certain number of suits, each of which is composed of a king, a vizier, and ten pip cards. Sometimes the pieces are fashioned in gold and mother-of-pearl; sometimes they are painted on pasteboard in gold and colours. "Each suit has its distinctive emblem,—a sword or sabre, a small bell, a piece of money, an ivory ball, a flower, a cabalistic legend or talisman, a pagoda or small ivory figure, a harp, &c." In the European tarots, the sword (denoting the warrior) and the piece of money (representing the merchant) are two of the marks which serve to distinguish the suits of numeral cards, after the fashion of the more modern figures of hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades. The hawk-bell constantly occurs on the Indian cards and on the European tarots; while those of Persia (which were of ivory, and rectangular in form) were painted with devices of turbans, swords, helmets, crowns, and hieroglyphic symbols of doubtful meaning. The early cards of the Germans were often adorned with figures of beasts, birds, and flowers, or with tracery of leaves. Several specimens of ancient French, German, and Italian tarots are given in the volume before us; and, though some are uncouth enough, others are extremely elegant. During the first French Republic, figures of Temperance, Virtue, &c., took place of the old monarchical kings and queens; and under the Buonaparte Empire the mania for classical costumes and ideas found its vent in Roman figures of the heroic kind. For the most part, the figures on the early packs are very unlike our modern devices; but here and there the more familiar forms are seen developing themselves. It must be conceded, however, that nothing can possibly surpass the barbarous ugliness of the kings, queens, and knaves which we tolerate to this day.

In the estimation of Mr. Taylor, the first European country into which cards were introduced was Spain, where they were brought by the Gipsies following in the wake of the Moors; but this entirely sets aside the opinion of M. Beneton de Peyrins, that they were known to the Imperial Romans—a view which Mr. Taylor considers "by no means impossible." From Spain—if we accept the theory adopted by our author—they passed into Italy; from Italy into Germany; from Germany into France; and from France into England, in consequence of our frequent intercourse with the French, as conquerors, and as possessors of Normandy, Guienne, Poitou, Saintonge, Touraine, Anjou, and Maine. It appears that there is no historic certainty of the existence of playing-cards in England before the second half of the fifteenth century. In the year 1463 (3 Edward IV.), the importation of "cardes for pleiying" was prohibited by Act of Parliament, together with that of dice and tennis-balls; notwithstanding which enactment, the use of cards for diversion, especially at Christmas, soon became general. An ancient volume examined by Mr. Chatto in 1841 disclosed in the pasteboard of its covers four squares of paper, on which were pictured the valets (or knaves) of clubs, spades, diamonds, and hearts, together with pips of diamonds and hearts. The book (which appears to have been produced somewhere between 1490 and 1500, though, owing to the loss of the title-page and last leaf, the date is uncertain) belonged originally to an English monastery, and the shield of one of the figures is charged with the Red Rose crowned, an exclusively English symbol; so that the native origin of these cards seems pretty certain. A *fac-simile* of the figure with the shield bearing the English rose is given on the title-page of the present volume; and the style of dress, the action, and the colouring, are very similar to those of the modern knave. The valet in old packs of cards, it should be observed, always bore the name of some historical or romantic hero, such as Launcelot, Ogier, or Roland; the kings were called Charlemagne, Cæsar, Alexander, and David (representing the four great monarchies of former times); and the queens were distinguished as Judith, Rachel, Argine, and Pallas.

Although the French can hardly any longer maintain their claim to be the inventors of cards, it appears indisputable that they first modified the original character of this method of amusement, and introduced most of those varieties of card-playing with which we are now familiar, though whist appears to be of English birth. We in England rapidly copied French fashions in this respect, much to the indignation of the Puritans, whose severe morals could not but be offended by such systematized frivolity. Towards the close of the Commonwealth, we find cards used as a vehicle for political squibs; a specimen of one which is given in the volume now under notice. It is entitled "Shuffling, Cutting, and Dealing in a Game at Picquet: Being acted from the year 1653 to 1658. By O. P. and others; with great applause. *Tempora mutantur et nos*—Printed in the year 1659" (the year after Oliver Cromwell's death). The following account of it is given by our author:—

"Oliver P., himself, opens the game, with the remark, 'I am like to have a good beginning on't; I have thrown out all my best cards, and got none but a company of wretched ones, so I may very well be capotted.' Lambert, Laurence, Fleetwood, Fiennes (Fynes), Musgrave, succeed with various observations, the last promising to play whatever game his Highness pleased—'especially now I see you play so well when you lose.' Bernard succeeds with a determination not to bet, and then Vane says, 'One had better sometimes play with a good gamester than a bungler; for one knows not where to have him. If Cromwell had discarded, as he ought to have done, I had

won my stake at it: as it is, I shall save myself; which I fear he will hardly do, though he juggles the cards well when he deals himself, and hath excellent luck in cutting when another deals.'

"In the copy before the writer, there are a few manuscript additions in a contemporary hand. Lenthall is introduced as saying, 'My Lord, I lost dealing twice together, because you interrupted me.' Sir George Askew is also put in by the annotator: 'They will not let me play, they think I play too well for them.' The Trustees for delinquents' lands say: 'I owe you for the last game, gentlemen, dowble or quitt.' Richard Cromwell: 'I play my father's cards here, but I feare I discard a wrong sute; those I keepe are leading cards at another game, but nothing at this.' Claypole: 'I have but one court card, and shee lyes bare, so that shee'll be snapt quickly.' Ludlow: 'If I play, I'll push; I care not what I fling out,—kings, queens, or knaves.' Such are the MS. additions, worthy of note as displaying the opinions of the day.

"The pamphleteer represents Harrison as playing the fool and going in for a fifth king, 'when there was but four in the stock.' Lawson throws up his cards, because the Protector took the game which was not dealt to him. Noell makes his fortune by lending the gamblers money. Monk says: 'My Lord, when you came to play, your stock was none of the greatest; but since I see your good fortune, I am resolved still to play as you do; especially since you have made me master of one of your great playhouses; but, above all things, if you can keep the bone in your hand, the doggs will follow you: if you can keep the treasure, the gamblers will all crowd to you.' Pride and Baxter are 'at the old foolish Christmas game with honours.' The dissenting army members refuse to play, because Cromwell juggles. The Law Courts complain; and the Commissioners for Excise and Customs say, pithily, 'Gentlemen, pay the box.' Then the parsons make moan, and Papist winds up the whole with the remark, 'If you all complain, I hope I shall win at last.'"

"The History of Playing-Cards," though unequal in execution, owing to the death of the original author while his work was yet unfinished, and its completion by other hands, and though wanting in clear and orderly arrangement, is full of very readable matter, and, despite its antiquarian learning, will be found extremely entertaining by all who like the gossiping side of history. Its pages abound in anecdotes of card-playing and gambling, at home and abroad, some of which throw a remarkable light on the social habits of bygone times; as in the account of Colonel Panton, who, having realized a large fortune by play, purchased an estate near Leicester-square, and built Panton-street and the adjoining thoroughfares, which are to this day associated with secret and illicit gambling. Here, too, are a brace of singular anecdotes:—

"Strange stakes were sometimes made at cards in the early days of the eighteenth century; and among these one mentioned by Sykes is perhaps the oddest. In Durham, at Chester-le-Street, at the sign of the 'Salmon,' in October, 1735, a child of James and Elizabeth Leesh was played for at cards—four shillings being staked against the child—by Henry and John R. Trotter, Robert Thompson and Thomas Ellison, and won by the latter, being duly delivered to them. It does not appear what the father and mother thought of the transaction; but as the child was handed over to the parties, we must presume that the parents consented. . . .

"In 1780, the Cocoa Tree was set in a flare of excitement by one of these gaming campaigns. A young middy had then just inherited an estate by the death of his brother; his name was Harvey, and he subsequently fought at the battle of Trafalgar, being finally an admiral. The difference at hazard had amounted to one hundred and eighty thousand pounds; and the adversary was a Mr. O'Birne, an Irish gamester. The latter had won one hundred thousand pounds of Harvey, and told him that he could never pay him. 'I can,' said the youth,—'the estate will sell for the debt.' 'No,' answered the Irishman, 'I will win ten thousand; you shall throw for the odd ninety.' They did so, and Harvey won. Admiral Harvey might well have been known to many still living, as his death was as recent as 1830."

Some notes are added on "Conjuring, Fortune-telling, and Card-sharping;" and the whole book has been very liberally illustrated. Among the plates, we must mention one by George Cruikshank, representing a meeting of court cards to denounce the attempt to put down gambling-houses—a very humorous composition. Such a book is sure of readers, and will doubtless retain a permanent place on the shelves.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

SPOHR.*

THE life of a great composer is even less likely to be an eventful one than that of a great poet or painter. The creative musician, like the poet, lives in an inner world of thought and feeling, which finds its best record in his works; while, unlike the poet, he speaks a language which, although not limited to distinctions of tongue, is yet of less wide and universal interest than literary composition. A composer, therefore, who settles down in the quiet pursuit of his art, can scarcely furnish the subject of a memoir which shall interest a large circle of readers. Hence Bach, one of the purest of the musical classics and most productive of composers, has left but little material for biographers beyond the record of his untravelling and untroubled life, and his calm and continuous pursuit of his art. It remains to be seen what, if any, new matter the recent life

* Louis Spohr's Autobiography. Translated from the German. London: Longmans.

of Beethoven (by M. Nohl) may disclose, and whether it fills up the want left unsupplied by Schindler's meagre biography.

Beethoven's nature, however, was so reserved and his circle of life, externally, of such limited extent, that a history of that great man must be chiefly a history of his works and the circumstances under which they were produced; of much interest, if authentic, to all musicians, but appealing to few other readers. Handel—who was from his youth a traveller, visited various courts and countries, and finally settled here, mixing in courtly, literary, and artistic society—should have furnished a subject for memoirs of great and universal interest. It is only recently, however, that any attempt has been made at a biography worthy of the name—the so-called *Life* by Mainwaring, published in 1760, soon after the death of Handel, being of the most meagre description; while that by Victor Schoelcher, which appeared in 1857, is rather a memoir "pour servir" than a biography. It has been reserved for a German, Dr. Chrysander, to attempt what should have been accomplished in the country which Handel made his adopted home. His is the fullest and best biography that has yet appeared of Handel; but it would seem as if materials, especially correspondence, which should be in existence, are not yet forthcoming to complete such a work. A sufficient life of Haydn is still a want, the biographical letters of Carpani (plagiarized by Henri Beyle, under the pseudonyme of Bombet) falling short of that desideratum; while it is but recently that Mozart's life has been written at any length. The first respectable effort of the kind, after Bombet's (Beyle's) poor attempt, was the memoir published by M. Nissen (who married Mozart's widow) about 1828, and that by the late Mr. Edward Holmes about twenty years since, which, however, were superseded a few years since by the voluminous work of Otto Jahn, followed by still further researches and the important information recently gathered by L. von Köchel.

None of the composers above adverted to, however, took any thought about recording their own career. Mendelssohn's letters, which give so interesting an insight into his character and feelings, were written in the confidence of family intercourse, and without any view to publication. These, however, and other existing materials, will doubtless contribute before long towards a full biography of Mendelssohn. Among all the great composers, then (Grétry's book does not affect this statement), Spohr appears to be the only one who has written a record of his own career, completed, it is true, by other hands, but yet containing his own history of the most important years of his life. As he pursued the double career of composer and violinist, travelling and giving concerts in the principal cities of Europe, he necessarily encountered various experiences in life and manners as well as in art, and, as he wrote down his impressions with the unaffected frankness of an earnest and truthful nature, and was, moreover, an acute and intelligent observer of matters beyond his own immediate pursuit, the book has a variety of interest not often found in musical memoirs. Born in 1784, Spohr was cotemporary, and more or less intimate, with some of the most distinguished of modern composers—among others, Beethoven, both the Rombergs (Andreas and Bernard), Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Weber—his occasional references to whom are full of interest, although his opinions on their works are frequently open to contradiction. Spohr's family being amateur musicians, his early surroundings predisposed him towards that art in which he afterwards became so eminent. As his instructors, both in violin-playing and composition, were professors of no great renown, he probably, like most men of genius, owed more to his own efforts than to his teachers. That his taste was cultivated in other respects than music, we gather from this entry in his diary, under date, May 10, 1802:—"The intervals between practising I employed in painting. From my earliest youth I had applied myself to drawing and painting in water colours. . . . I had even hesitated which of the two arts, music or painting, I should choose for my profession." Again, "Between whiles, I composed, painted, wrote, and read."

Those who remember the calm, impassible, herculean Spohr, as he appeared on his visit to this country in 1852, will scarcely be prepared for the record of his juvenile susceptibilities; his various attachments culminating in a happy marriage with Dorette Scheidler, a celebrated player on the harp, who proved an excellent wife, as well as a valuable co-adjutor in his concert performances. His early travels to Russia, his engagement at Vienna, where he composed his "Faust," his concert tours through Switzerland and Italy, his engagement as director of the Frankfort Opera, his first visit to England in 1820, his appointment as Kappellmeister at Cassel, the death of his first wife, and his second marriage, with details of his active career down to the year 1838, are all related by himself; while his subsequent history, including his last visit to England in 1852, his declining powers and his death in 1859, is narrated from the diaries and letters of his wife.

Mozart being the model after whom Spohr formed his style, it is not surprising that symmetry of form, beauty of proportion, and clear arrangement of detail were with him the essentials of musical art. Hence his inability, while admiring to the utmost the earlier works of Beethoven, to appreciate those later compositions in which that grand genius soared into those regions of the sublime in which all outline and prescribed forms are merged in the glorious expanse of the infinite. Thus we find Spohr writing of these works as follows:—"It is true there are people who imagine they can understand them, and, in their pleasure at that, rank them far above his earlier masterpieces. But I am not of the number, and freely confess that I have never been able to relish the last works of Beethoven. Yes, I must even reckon the much-admired

Ninth Symphony among them, the three first themes of which, in spite of some solitary flashes of genius, are to me worse than all of the [inferior to the?] eight previous symphonies—the fourth theme of which is in my opinion so monstrous and tasteless, and in its grasp of Schiller's ode so trivial, that I cannot even now understand how a genius like Beethoven's could have written it. I find in it another proof of what I have already remarked in Vienna, that Beethoven was wanting in æsthetical feeling, and in a sense of the beautiful." A similar obliquity of critical taste is found at page 213 of the first volume, in reference to Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, of which he says:—"Though with many beauties, yet it does not constitute a classical whole. For instance, the introductory theme of the very first passage is wanting in that dignity which, according to my feeling, the commencement of a symphony should possess." Again:—"The trio, with the noisy running bass, is to my taste much too rough." These opinions, coming from such an authority, are much to be regretted, as sanctioning with the weight of a great name the incompetent judgment of those who are unable to comprehend the grandeur and sublimity of Beethoven's genius. Spohr's ideal of perfection was contained in the definite forms of refined beauty—he never reached the abstract and ideal. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that there are so many instances, not only in the history of art but also of literature, of the wide distinction between the creative and the critical faculties, that we may allow this latitude of opinion on the part of one great man at the expense of another very much greater; but how Spohr could attribute what he calls the falling-off of Beethoven's later works to his deafness is incomprehensible, as no one could have known better than Spohr that a musical composition, properly so called, and more especially the higher the conception, is the product of the faculties of inward thought, and not picked out by the aid of a pianoforte, or other external help, as a bungler would make verses by the inspiration of a rhyming dictionary. Again, on hearing some portions of Weber's "Ruler of the Spirits" (of which the overture alone is known here), Spohr says:—"These, from being always accustomed to take Mozart as the type and rule by which to measure all dramatic works, appeared to me so unimportant and amateur-like, that I had not the most distant idea Weber would ever succeed in attracting notice with any opera." It is somewhat singular that Spohr had chosen the subject of "Der Freischütz" for an opera, which, however, he relinquished on hearing that Weber had already completed the first act of that work which was destined to prove something better than "amateur-like." Holding such opinions as those we have quoted in reference to the romanticism of Beethoven and Weber, it is somewhat extraordinary to find Spohr writing of Richard Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer" (The Flying Dutchman) as interesting him "in the highest degree, for it is written apparently with true inspiration, and, unlike so much of the modern opera music, does not display in every bar the striving after effect, or effort to please. There is a great deal of the fanciful therein; a noble conception throughout; it is well written for the singer; enormously difficult it is true, and somewhat overcharged in the instrumentation, but full of new effects, and will assuredly, when it comes to be performed in the greater space of a theatre, be thoroughly clear and intelligible."

Let us now turn from Spohr the critic (in which capacity we by no means accept him) to Spohr the great violinist and composer. As a player, he combined all the best qualities of his art—a grand tone, elevated expression, masterly execution, and a purity of style which excluded all that was meretricious and vulgar. The value of his method of instruction is proved by his having formed more good pupils than any other master of his instrument. Of his compositions, the violin concertos stand alone among works of their kind, and may compare in value with the pianoforte concertos of the great composers. In every other form of the art, he has produced works many of which will long continue to be associated in performance with the productions of the greatest masters, none of whom lived a nobler or a purer life than Spohr, who never degraded himself or his art by sacrificing the dignity of either to any unworthy motive.

As already said, the book is full of interest, musical and general; and it is, therefore, the more to be regretted that it is almost as full of errors both of typography and style. It would seem to have been translated by a German and printed in Germany—hence, we presume, the frequent mistakes in idiom and orthography. Musical terms, too, are rendered without any knowledge of their English equivalents—as, for instance, the key of C minor (*C moll*) is called C flat; and when mention is made of the key in which a piece of music is written, similar blunders are often committed.

Some of the musical examples, too, are incorrectly printed. Thus, at pages 316 and 317 of Vol. I., the C (or tenor) clef is placed on the third instead of on the fourth line; and in both pages the C clef is used instead of the bass clef. Again—the specimen (at page 100 of Vol. II.) of a correctly-written exercise by the juvenile pupils of Logier's system, becomes, by an error of a bass note, an instance of one of the grossest faults in harmony. An appendix, too, which is incidentally referred to, is not included in the volume. A book of such interest, emanating from so great a London publishing-house, should have received better editing, both musical and literary.

BEETHOVEN.*

The blending of fact and fiction which characterises the form of

* *Furioso*; or, *Passages from the Life of Ludwig van Beethoven*. From the German. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: Bell & Daldy.

the art-romance (*kunst-roman*) of which the Germans are so fond, has met with but little acceptance among English readers. The mixture of truth and invention to be found in the historical novel is excusable, because any reader of moderate education is assumed to be sufficiently well-informed in the prominent facts of history to be proof against any misguidance by the deviations of fiction. But even this form of composition has little interest and no value, unless the genius of the author enables him (like Scott) to give so vivid and truthful a characterization to the actors in his narrative as to bring them to the reader's perception and to enlist his sympathies with a power beyond that of the dry pages of ordinary history. When, however, this process of amplification (including detailed dialogues which could scarcely have been noted down at the time, and are without any other value to make up for their want of truthfulness) is applied to the biography of an individual of whom we desire to know only the facts as to what he did and what he said, the result is pretty sure to be a book equally wanting in the attraction of fiction and the importance of truth. Without asserting that "*Furioso*" is open to this accusation, it certainly bears very much the appearance of an elaborate dressing up of certain leading facts, spiced to suit the taste of the Germans in such matters. The title "*Furioso*" is said to be a nickname bestowed on the impetuous boy Beethoven, and the book purports to be a record of the early years of Beethoven's life (a portion of his biography that has hitherto been very superficially treated), from a diary kept by Professor Wegeler, a friend of Beethoven's youth, long withheld from publication, and only communicated for that purpose on the approaching death of the Professor.

The opening pages narrate the casual meeting of young Beethoven and his future friend in a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, among the seven mountains. The student, Wegeler, first becomes conscious of the other's presence by an exclamation of "Bravo! bravissimo!" uttered from the top of the mountain in enthusiastic approbation at the performances of the thunder. "Straining his eyes to the summit, he beheld a short muscular form, whose long, dark hair and garments were alike the sport of the tempest. This singular individual seemed little mindful of the elements; on the contrary, he appeared to the student quite at his ease among them, as he judged from the ecstatic gesticulations with which he flung his arms in the air, and appeared to court their approach. Or was the systematic waving to and fro of the stick that he held in his hand intended to beat time to this display of their fury? It would, indeed, seem so, as suddenly he cried aloud, 'Now an allegro!' A flash of lightning succeeded this command, terminating in a roll of continued thunder. 'Adagio maestoso!' he then vociferated. And, apparently upon his bidding, followed an equally protracted growl of thunder. 'Prestissimo furioso!' shouted the weather director; and, exactly as if the heavens were really subservient to his command, now resounded a tumultuous crash of elements, answering to a wild symphony, in which one strain or instrument strives to drown another. The student felt himself quite awed before this mysterious conductor of the tempest, who in the light of the last flash seemed to be encircled with sparks."

This may have actually occurred as here related, but to us it seems very like the fustian of second-rate German melodrama. We then have a sketch of the Abbey of Heisterbach and its history; a description of Bonn; an account of Beethoven's ancestors and family; his introduction to the Von Breuning and Von Honrath families, to Count Waldstein, to the Emperor Joseph II., and to Mozart; and so on, up to his departure to settle at Vienna in 1791, at the age of 21. The book is full of dialogue and conversation, reported with much literal detail, and those readers who are willing to accept its authenticity will doubtless find much to interest them in its perusal.

NEW NOVELS.*

READERS of Mr. Bayard Taylor's previous books, whether of romance or of travel, will expect to find in his present work a light, pleasant style, a current of clear-sighted, if not deep, observation of things moral and physical, clever sketches of character and scenery, in which the salient points are rendered with a vigorous touch, agreeable traces of humour, and indications of refined but unobtrusive sentiment; they will not be disappointed. The novel of "*John Godfrey's Fortunes*" fairly represents all the best qualities of its author's power. But, while saying this, we think he has made a great mistake as to the form of composition he has adopted. Of all modes of literary expression, the autobiographical is perhaps the most difficult; certainly, only in a very small number of cases has it ever been employed with complete success. There are not half-a-dozen thoroughly satisfactory autobiographies, real or imaginary, in the language. Upon the novelist such a form of presentment imposes an almost stifling restraint. It compels him, as a first necessity, to accept in place of his own individuality that of his hero, such as he has created it. His own faculties become more or less unavailable to him, since he binds himself to receive impressions only through the medium of another's senses,

and that without power to make anything like a due allowance for the distortion that must almost inevitably take place in such a process of acquiring and reconveying ideas and feelings. In the case of a writer so vivacious as Mr. Bayard Taylor has mostly shown himself to be, such restraints are particularly calculated to work injuriously; and he has not been able to resist their adverse influence. The phases of his hero's character are unequally developed; most probably in exact proportion to the activity of the author's sympathy with his hero's conduct under the imaginary vicissitudes of his life. The earlier portion of his book, which deals with the boyhood of John Godfrey, and in which, very likely, Mr. Bayard Taylor draws absolutely upon his recollection of his own boyish experiences, is by far the most perfect from the point of view of artistic keeping, and extremely interesting as a history of boy-life. John Godfrey is first represented as a poor but high-spirited lad, whose mother can only say of his future that he must make it for himself. He has to face this task early, and he does so courageously, and without the least tinge of sentimentalism colouring his mind. His struggles to get forward are not in the least romantic, but they are enough to tax his earnestness, and give him an idea of the measure of his own powers. In search of a career, he tries journalism, and the passages which recount his experiences of the kind of life led by the Bohemian class of writers on the American press is highly instructive as well as picturesque. Of course he falls in love, and some of the gravest incidents of his life are consequent upon the troubled course of his passion. All comes right at last; he marries an heiress, the woman of his heart, and the present account of his fortunes is supposed to be written at her suggestion. As a book of sketches of American life, "*John Godfrey's Fortunes*" is excellent, quite worthy of its author's reputation; it only fails to satisfy us when we look at it from the autobiographical point of view.

The chief character in "*Lord Lynn's Wife*"—a curiously ill-named novel, by the way—is a young woman of the Lady Audley type. At the outset of the book, the reader is led to infer that, young as she is, her life has been marked by some adventure or other of a dark, possibly of a criminal, complexion. What had happened is that, while still a girl, she had secretly married a young artist for whom she had formed a wild sort of attachment, but had discovered that he was affected with epilepsy or insanity—she does not know which. The discovery has the effect of utterly destroying her love for him—of making him, in fact, loathsome to her. These events occur in Ireland. She is the heiress of a rich English father, with money at her disposal, and no scruples of conscience to prevent her making use of the power it gives her. On consideration of being well paid, a doctor undertakes to receive the husband as an insane patient, and to keep him from ever again troubling the wife who has taken this means of disposing of him. Three years pass, and the strong-minded young wife has set her heart upon gaining the title of Lady Lynne, in despite of the law against bigamists. The Irish doctor does his worst to drive his patient permanently mad or out of the world, but he fails; and his patient escapes, and, filled with thoughts of deadly vengeance, finds his way to the neighbourhood of the mansion of which his wife is the mistress. He is seen by one who has been the confidant of the wife, and who hastens to give her the news of his escape. How to dispose of him before he is able to do her any harm is the only thought of the dark-minded wife. To place him in charge of a ruffian just released from jail seems to her the readiest plan. "A little time, and the obstacle shall be removed. There is no cause, Lydia, for real uneasiness to you or me," she says. Her quondam confidant looks at her in alarm, and asks, with a hoarse trembling of voice, "Not murder?" The answer given is striking, and quite in the Lady Audley vein:—"Aurelia actually laughed. Her cool strong hand rested heavily on the wrist of her former friend. She could feel the pulse beating quick and hard. 'You silly Lydia!' said Miss Darcy, patting Miss Cransa's gloved hand with her firm fingers; 'what romantic ideas you have. Murder would be worse than a crime—it would be a folly.'" The axiom goes a good long step beyond that pronounced by Talleyrand, of which it is a paraphrase; but it serves to show that the young lady who applies it is not a person to stick at trifles. Her efforts to get rid of her husband are, however, unavailing, and only serve to make his hatred the more determined. In the end, that hatred becomes homicidal, and, at the moment when his wife is about to unite herself to Lord Lynn, he falls upon her, and, in his own wild way, settles the dark account between them. In respect of writing, "*Lord Lynn's Wife*" is well up to the average quality of such works, and it has at least one merit besides—that of brevity.

If Lady Campbell had only taken the pains to write her "*Martin Tobin*" in two volumes instead of three, she would certainly have made it twice as readable. As it is, however she has produced a book which, at the present moment, will be read with interest. It is a story of life in New Zealand thirty years ago, when the work of colonization there had made little real progress; and gives a tolerably complete, though somewhat coarsely-drawn picture, of an almost lawless condition of society. The authoress has no small melo-dramatic power; but, like many other beginners, she has everything to learn in the way of construction and treatment. She can paint exciting scenes, but she cannot yet place them in artistic relation to each other. Her idea of *couleur locale* is entirely a mistake, and it leads her into being gratuitously coarse, both in the selection of some of her details and in the language she uses to describe them. With all these drawbacks, there is enough of merit in her book to make it worth reading.

* *John Godfrey's Fortunes*. By Bayard Taylor. Three vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Lord Lynn's Wife. Two vols. London: Richard Bentley.

Martin Tobin. By Lady Campbell. Three vols. London: Maxwell & Co.

Superior to Adversity. By the Author of "*Blackfriars*;" or, the Monks of Old. Three vols. London: Trübner & Co.

Reaping the Whirlwind. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel. Three vols. London: Newby.

Gaspard Trenchard. By Bracebridge Hemming. Three vols. London: Maxwell & Co.

"Superior to Adversity," the next book on our list, is nothing less than a literary curiosity. In his "Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire," on a passage in one of her poems, Coleridge demands in admiring wonderment:—

"O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Whence gat ye that heroic measure?"

And with equal wonderment, though without any of the poet's admiration, we ask the writer of this amazing farago how on earth he came by such a style as it delights him to write? That any writer in his senses should, at this time of day, think of calling a doctor an "Esculapian," or a "mediciner," or describe a man soliloquizing in the Queen's Bench—or, as he puts it, in "a small solitary cell of the Queen's Prison"—in a "strange clanking murmur," is surely something to marvel at. How it happens that he himself has no idea of the absurdity of the language he uses is a puzzle. We can only say that, for readers who relish literary extravagance, "Superior to Adversity" will prove a treat. As a story, the book has as much interest as will serve to carry the "galloping" novel-reader from the beginning to the end, the way lying through several rather exciting scenes, from one of which, towards the conclusion of the second volume, we give one or two of the hero's speeches, as a mild specimen of the author's dramatic power. For reasons which we do not care to waste our space in detailing, Seymour has nearly pitched the Mr. Percival referred to from the top of a flight of stairs. The pair have come down together, however, and, on reaching the "termination of the dizzy descent, Seymour seized his companion with both hands in a grasp there was no contending against, and shook him violently to and fro, as if with the purpose of causing some severe dislocation of the body:—

"It is my turn now, rascal—my turn now, impostor, and never more shall your shadow cross my path, or your pitiful venom reach me," cried Seymour. "Begone! Forth from me, lest I do you some mortal injury." And Seymour, with savage earnestness, threw the wretched little Esculapian from him all in a heap in the corner of the spacious hall beside the street-door. Then ensued a pause—a frightful pause—such as precedes the commencement of some deadly strife, when the dread concentration of men's thoughts and energies permits no attempt at utterance—scarcely, as it were, to draw the breath of life. Percival lay panting with terror, while a demoniacal rage gleamed from his misty vision, and while every line in his impish face gave forth indication of his passion. His forehead was contracted, his eyes appeared scintillating with hellish fire, while his under lip was compressed until his false teeth almost met through it. A moment longer, and the silence was broken by Seymour again addressing his fallen, crouching foe in tones of steely determination, and with an utterance there was no mistaking. "That you have wronged me, I not so much take heed of. I can afford to spurn, as I have always done, your acts, as I have done and do thyself; for the cycle of events is perpetual wrong, and wrong, and wrong, revenge, revenge, and revenge. But, forasmuch as you have ventured to spit forth your venom on another, though in thy cowardly revenge it was aimed at me, I now tell you, and, mark me, I speak not idly, no longer shall you be suffered to impose yourself on society, no longer play the quack, or the wretched huckster you have so long proved, upon those who have lucklessly been your patients. Out of this house, out of thine, out of London shall you go, at once and forever. Go where you will, I care not; get far away, fellow, with murderers and evildoers like yourself; but, mark me, never dare to return to this metropolis, no matter how urgent the cause, or how eager the longing."

After such fine writing and action as this, Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel's quiet style appears almost void of salt, and the small domestic incidents of which her three volumes are compacted seem tame indeed. In truth, they are not exciting from any point of view, in style or incidents; nevertheless, "Reaping the Whirlwind" will not disappoint past readers of the authoress who may happen to select it from the circulating-library catalogue.

There is decided originality in the idea which forms the basis of the incidents that create the chief interest in the plot of "Gaspar Trenchard," and the idea is worked out with no small ingenuity and literary power. Yet this novel is unsatisfactory. The author, apparently, has no respect for his own work, the more glaring faults in it being wholly gratuitous. A considerable portion of his third volume has, no doubt, been written in a hurry, and his plot wound up without reflection. He has thus spoilt what might have been a good novel of its class, and barred himself from a success which, we think, was well within his reach.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.*

JUVENILE literature is, in these days, poured forth in abundance; but it is only a few writers who have the art of composing really

- * The Childhood and Schoolroom Hours of Royal Children. By Julia Luard. London: Groombridge & Sons.
- Littlehope Hall. By Henrietta Lushington. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Echoes of an Old Bell, and Other Tales of Fairy Lore. By the Hon. Augusta Bethell. Illustrated by F. W. Keyl. London: Griffith & Farran.
- The Family Fairy Tales; or, Glimpses of Elfland at Heatherston Hall. Edited by Cholmondeley Pennell. Illustrated by M. Ellen Edwards. Second Edition, with the Story of "Little Spider-face" now Told for the First Time. London: J. C. Hotten.
- Lilliput Levée. With Illustrations by J. E. Millais & G. J. Pinwell. London: Strahan.
- Cushions and Corners; or, Holidays at Old Prehard. By Mrs. R. J. Greene. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Stories about St. Paul. By Emily G. Nesbitt. London: Hatchard & Co.
- The Holiday Keepsake; or, Birthday Gift. By Peter Parley, and Other Popular Authors. London: Darton & Hodge.

good books for children. Perhaps no kind of authorship more imperatively requires the qualities of common sense, acute feeling, graceful fancy, and general elegance of thought; for a book is to the young an influence of a very serious kind—a thing not hastily read and quickly forgotten, but a part of the permanent impressions of their lives—a subtle and pervading power over their yet plastic characters. Women have generally been the best writers for children, as they are the best teachers; but even women sometimes make mistakes in this matter, and men often commit the most glaring blunders. It appears frequently to be supposed that a child's book should be either a sermon in infantine language, or something merely silly and chattering. Now, the little student will be crammed with "useful knowledge," such as, in early life, is sheer surplussage; and again, he or she will be dandled, so to speak, in the lap of dotage. What is really wanted by boys and girls who have outgrown their nursery rhymes is something which shall enlist their human sympathies, enlarge their knowledge of the world, gradually call forth their powers of thought, and, without being obviously didactic, invariably suggest to them true, noble, and generous views of life and its relations. A writer who can fulfil these conditions has no need to be ashamed of his calling. The work which he would take in hand is a work of real dignity and power; and happy is the generation of men and women which has read good books in its childhood.

We repeat that we do not often get such books; but the first work in our batch appears to us to be deserving of considerable praise as a preparation of history for the young. It is a series of sketches of the child-life of princes and princesses, neatly interwoven in a little story about a family of modern children who wish to be princes and princesses themselves, and get their aunt to tell them about the great ones of former times; which she does—choosing, however, such illustrations as suffice to show that the life even of juvenile royalty is not all cloth of gold, play-time, and enjoyment, but has many perilous and rugged passes to get through. The contrast between mediæval manners and modes of life and those of the present day—for, together with stories of the Houses of Lancaster and of York, of Tudor and of Stuart, we have descriptions of the Royal Procession on the marriage of the Princess Alexandra, and a biographical sketch of Queen Victoria—is well delineated, and tends to give variety of interest to the book; and Miss Luard seems to possess the power of presenting her facts in a pleasing and vivid manner, likely to attract the attention and fix the regard of the youthful readers for whom she writes. Her book is full of the information which children especially desire, and which is peculiarly fitted to extend their acquaintance with life and character, without making them prematurely experienced in the worst doings of the world.

"Littlehope Hall" is also a set of stories included in one general narrative;—some of them, bits of stirring English history; others, purely fictitious. Among the former are the story of the battle of Trafalgar, the lives of Sir Hugh Willoughby and others of our Arctic explorers, and some fragments of local history. All the stories are pleasantly told, and a sunny, cheerful tone pervades the book. The scene-painting (so to speak) is very good—Littlehope Hall, the old-fashioned mansion on the coast of Kent where the various stories are told, standing out with great picturesqueness and effect.

The Hon. Miss Bethell's book, "Echoes of an Old Bell," is apparently intended for younger readers, but is conceived and written in the style to which we took exception at the commencement of this article, when we spoke of some children's books being a species of "chattering." The stories here presented are supposed to be told by an old bell to a flighty young female bird, who, to the annoyance of her husband, goes gadding about on her pleasure, and leaving her eggs unhatched. The cock-robin (who, with his partner, lives in the old belfry tower) asks counsel of the bell; and the bell promises to detain Mrs. Jenny by telling her stories. Many of these stories have relation to the lives and adventures of birds, which are not merely made to speak, but are endowed in every respect with human feelings and attributes. It may be thought by some that this is "all very good for children;" but we greatly doubt it. We are strongly inclined to believe that ninety-nine intelligent children out of every hundred would pronounce it to be mere silliness and trifling. Young people have generally a keen sense of what may be called imaginative propriety and fitness. They have the greatest delight in and respect for a fairy tale, because, if properly managed, it is not merely beautiful, but self-consistent—an ideal world which comes into no harsh and perplexing collision with the actual. Thus, the "Arabian Nights," and the elfin legends of the North and West of Europe, are certain to remain for ever among the greatest favourites of childhood, however much utilitarian knowledge may be extended, and perhaps all the more for that very extension. But when a child possessed of the ordinary healthy development of common-sense reads of a talking bell telling stories to a bird, and finds birds, trees, and flowers put on exactly the same footing with men and women, his reason revolts at so transparent a sham, and not merely his reason, but even his fancy and imagination, which utterly fail to realise ideas so incongruous and extravagant. We do not deny that the skill of a truly inventive artist may make something even out of such poor materials; but the requisite faculty is here wanting. Miss Bethell, we think, would do well to consider these suggestions, and to give her thoughts to the production of some juvenile story showing a greater respect for the understandings and the unconscious critical insight of her young friends.

Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell's collection of "Family Fairy Tales,"

of which the second edition is now before us, has also something too much of this mixture of the actual and the ideal; but the mingling is effected with greater art, and there is a good deal in the book that is very pretty. The coloured illustrations by Miss Ellen Edwards are also extremely graceful, and touched with a true feeling for the romantic and fanciful.

"Lilliput Levée" is extremely clever. It is written in verse, and opens with a riotous little poem in which the youngsters are described rising in insurrection against their elders, dispossessing them, and establishing a glorious boy-and-girl empire, in which laziness and jollity are the order of the day. Pinafore Palace is in want of a Poet Laureate, and the author tries for the place, and sends in as his credentials the poems here printed. These are for the most part full of fancy, invention, and poetical feeling, expressed in easy and musical rhythm; but some are too childish even for children, while others are objectionable on the ground of the horrible and ogreish character of their subjects. The one called "When the Winds blows, the Cradle will rock" is especially objectionable. It relates the story of an old miserly couple living by the sea-shore, in a place of which we are told—

"It was lone,
It was cold, it was grey, it was thistle and stone."

This amiable couple, who are "all skin and bone," give shelter one evening to a traveller, and in the night creep up to his bedroom, "smash in his head," and steal his money "with hands gory-red." Then they murder a pedlar, and throw his body

"Down a well at the back;
Splash, gurgles; the thistles closed over, all black."

Their next performance is to drown a child they find floating on the sea in a cradle, which cradle they keep by them; and a year afterwards, during a frightful storm, they hear the cradle rocking, and the child's voice crying, and somebody singing to it; at which, the old woman

"—curses her husband; he clutches his bags;
Without, the red storm rends the rain-clouds to rags!
She threw up her arms; he fell down on his knee;
They went raving mad, they rushed into the sea!
—By the Murder-Hole still the black thistles grow free!"

There is a close, haggish, muttering horror about this ghastly legend and the way in which it is told, which makes it utterly unfit for children, whose blood it is enough to curdle in their veins. Then we have another little story called "The Windmill," in which "the goblin of the sails" informs a girl who thinks of marrying the miller that he murders every one who goes to his mill; and the poem concludes with the stanza:—

"O gossiping goblin, my dreams will be bad,
You tell such dreadful tales!
O mill, how secret you seem! how mad,
How wicked you look, black sails!"

It will not be denied that this is very intense writing; but we should be sorry to put it into the hands of any child. However, there is better stuff in the book, if parents like to let their young ones run the risk of being frightened into fits with the horrors.

"Cushions and Corners" is a pretty story of a little girl, Florence Cramer, who is afflicted with an irritable and quarrelsome temper, but who is reformed by illness and by various trials which she is made to undergo. The idea is not new, but it is agreeably worked out.

Miss Nesbitt's "Stories about St. Paul" is one of those works which are intended as a species of introduction to the Scriptures, for which purpose it will serve very well; and in Peter Parley's "Holiday Keepsake" we have a collection of pleasant tales and sketches, for the most part illustrative of natural history, in which the greatest fault that we can perceive is an excessive familiarity of style.

THE TENNYSON SELECTION.*

It was officially announced, a little while before the publication of this volume of selections from the writings of Mr. Tennyson, that a few original poems would be added to those already printed. If that has really been done, the publishers are guilty of an act of great carelessness in not pointing out what are the pieces thus for the first time given to the public. Mr. Tennyson has now been before the world for five-and-thirty years; he has published several books of poems since that first one bearing date 1830; he has brought out new editions, containing alterations and addenda; and he has written occasionally in the Magazines. Though not so fecund as some poets, he has yet done enough to make it impossible even for a student and admirer to bear in mind every individual thing that has appeared from his pen during so long a period; and it is certainly asking too much of any critic, or of any reader, to expect that he shall send for all Mr. Tennyson's previous volumes, and for all the several editions, and by a laborious collation of them determine which of the verses in the present work have now for the first time seen the light. Some few of the shorter pieces strike us freshly; but we certainly would not answer for it that what appears to us new is not repro-

* A Selection from the Works of Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London: Moxon & Co.

duced from earlier issues. This is a real drawback from the worth and attractiveness of the book now in our hands. It is one of those things which vex and irritate a reader, and put him out of love with what he is reading.

Over and above this special objection, we have a general objection to select editions of any author, whether made by himself or by anyone else. The choice is certain not to be in all cases such as we should have made: we are sure to miss old favourites, and to think that some of those pieces which have been included might properly have given place to the absent ones. So elaborate and careful a writer as Mr. Tennyson, all of whose poems are the results of prolonged gestation and of the most fastidious care, is peculiarly unsuited for the picking process. He has himself already picked and culled his best, and only given the rarest of his creations to the public; so that to resift such very fine grain is to run the risk of making the result unsatisfactory, because glaringly incomplete. We cannot but think it would have been more to the publishers' purpose, and we are sure it would have been more to Mr. Tennyson's honour, had a complete edition of his works been issued in a cheap form—say, in shilling monthly numbers. The Laureate has a very large public, and that not merely among the moneyed few who can afford to buy his books at their original cost, but also amongst the masses who are obliged to wait for their modern authors until they can purchase them at a frugal price. It is especially to this public that the present Selection appeals, and, although we have no doubt that it will obtain a sale among them, we do not think it calculated to satisfy their wants, to establish itself among them as a standard book, or to do Mr. Tennyson that credit which he has a right to expect. Of most of the greater works of the poet—those which have built up his fame as the first English singer of our generation—we have only the merest fragments. Scraps of "The Princess," of "In Memoriam," and of "Maud," alternate with the briefer lyrics and narratives of earlier and later times. A few of the little poems contained in the volume published last summer are given; but, of course, we have no "Enoch Arden" nor "Aylmer's Field." Even the "Northern Farmer"—by far the most powerful and original of the short poems comprised in that volume—is not included in the present collection. The book now before us consists of 256 pages and sixty-two poems, and necessarily contains many of Mr. Tennyson's best-known, and some of his most splendid, efforts; yet it does not give anything like a complete idea of the depth and solidity of his powers. The complex richness and elaborate thought of "The Princess," and the profound, sorrowful insight into emotion of the "In Memoriam," find no place in this book, except in a few chips and scrapings; nor would any one who has been accustomed to Mr. Tennyson's highest moods be satisfied with what is, after all, only a makeshift. Still, as a selection, it is, we should say, as good a one as can be, and it is pleasant to meet our old friends again in any way. Here, for instance, is the fine, passionate, dramatic story of "Locksley Hall;" and here also are the well-known companion poems of "The May Queen" and "New Year's Eve," with a "Conclusion" which we do not recollect to have read before (though that may be the fault of our memory).—"Godiva," "Mariana," "Dora," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Lady of Shalott," "The Gardener's Daughter," "The Brook," "Enone," "Tithonus," "Ulysses," "Morte d'Arthur," the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," the celebrated Dedication to the Queen of the "Idylls of the King," and several more. Of the "Idylls" themselves, one, and that the finest, is reproduced; that which tells the story of the unfaithful Queen, Guinevere, and of Arthur's forgiveness of her. We miss "The Dream of Fair Women," "The Palace of Art," "The Two Voices," "Columbus" (a companion poem to "Ulysses"), "St. Simeon Stylites," and some other of the earlier poems; and the bits of "The Princess" and "In Memoriam" are simply provoking. But we are not inclined to dispute that the selector has performed his office as well as it was possible to get through such a difficult and unpleasing task. We wish, however, that Mr. Tennyson would be persuaded to throw himself on the large general public, and would bring out his complete works on moderate terms. The shilling readers are waiting for him, and we are persuaded that he would be received with acclamation. But perhaps there can be no better preparation for that end than the volume of Selections which we now dismiss.

STUDIES FOR STORIES.*

THESE stories, penned in a clear and simple style, and with as transparent an object—the edification and entertainment of young people—deserve, it must be confessed, at least "honourable mention." The evil results of jealousy and envy among youthful companions, and of idleness or listlessness in the petted members of a family circle, are forcibly illustrated in several of these tales, as in "The Cumberers," "My Great-Aunt's Picture," and "The Stolen Treasure." "Emily's Ambition" impresses an important moral with singular effectiveness. In "Dr. Deane's Governess" we meet with the following eminently sensible remarks on the position of a governess—a position the difficulties and hardships connected with which are sometimes as much exaggerated by injudicious observers as they are occasionally aggravated by inconsiderate or unprincipled employers:—

"She is educated and refined (the Doctor replies to his orphan niece). These are blessings, and it is another that she should be

* Studies for Stories. London: Alexander Strahan.

living with people equally well educated, equally refined. Such being the case, I do not see how you can talk of her as being in a painful position without absurdity; for if it is in itself painful to live among one's superiors, then every household in the land contains some members that are in painful positions; all the servants may feel how painful it is that they should have to dine in the kitchen when Miss Salter dines in the parlour, they waiting upon her. Miss S. may feel it painful to know that you have no reason to work for your living as she has. You, on the other hand, may feel it hard that you have nothing to call your own but what is given you by me. I, in my turn, may feel how hard it is that I should have to be always looking after my patient, Sir John W., instead of having a hereditary estate like him, while all the world knows that he is fretting his life away because it is so painful to him that his cousin should have made good a title to the peerage against him, Sir John."

Many similar judicious views on various social topics are scattered through these elegant and interesting little volumes.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CHIEF OF POLICE.*

SEVERAL books of this class, with sufficiently attractive titles, have been published within the last few years; but it is evident to the reader that in most of them the hand of the literary artist has not unfrequently coloured the most telling portions of the narrative. The temptation may, indeed, be pleaded as an excuse. Outlying facts may in almost any case easily be brought within the required circle of events; and incidents are so capable, under dexterous manipulation, of becoming coincidences, accidents of appearing as causes, stray ciphers of figuring as actors, and casual detection made with so much facility to assume the mask of classical and tragic retribution, that the verisimilitude of such stories, it must be admitted, is grievously impaired. In Mr. Hughes's "Note-book," little or nothing of this is observable. Being himself a detective officer, he does not choose to risk the exposure consequent on being detected in such literary falsifications. Very wisely, therefore, and with a wary eye to actual records, our chief of police lays before the public his select examples of past crime; some of which are now, indeed, in course of expiation. The stories are mostly related in a simple, intelligible, matter-of-fact style, with an unglossed, unvarnished truthfulness that at once wins the confidence of the reader. Some few are not of a very stirring character, and fall, in fact, a little flat on the expectant attention of the reader. But, on the whole, it is an amusing little work, while the author's remarks on secondary punishment, and his suggestions respecting separation and classification of prisoners, are thoroughly sensible, and worthy of consideration by police authorities.

THE SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS.

THE *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* opens with a paper by Dr. Greville on new diatoms, in which two genera and several species are described for the first time. This is followed by a communication from Dr. Hercepath upon some new species of Synapta, in which the habits and habitats of these interesting echinoderms are well and carefully treated of. The specimens upon which the writer bases his observations were on the coast of Guernsey, in a bed of sand about ten or twelve inches deep, in which the synaptæ were found congregated in a space about twenty yards square. From this they were easily obtained by digging cautiously with a spade, the operator being guided in the task by the appearance of the funnel-shaped opening in the sand marking the position of their burrows. "The identity of the animal was readily found from its (?) quickly adhering to the fingers by its anchor-shaped hooklets, whilst its appearance when placed in sea-water was at once indicative; it was of a delicate rosy-pink colour, vermiform in shape, and having five white bands arranged lengthwise throughout the body from the oral to the anal aperture." Mr. E. Ray Lankester concludes his account of the anatomy and histology of the earthworm, in this communication confining himself to the subject of the Reproductive system. Too much praise cannot be awarded to this enthusiastic young naturalist for his valuable memoir upon Annelid structure; the monograph is not merely a record of careful anatomical investigation, but is also an analysis of the opinions of earlier writers, and must prove of great service as a work of reference. Mr. Lobb's article on the objectives at present in use among microscopists will be found of interest by those engaged in histological inquiry, although we fancy the writer is a little prejudiced in his comments upon Messrs. Powell & Lealand's $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch object-glass. The translations of Herr Schacht's essay on "Spermatozooids in the Vegetable Kingdom," and of Dr. Hensen's memoir on "The Auditory Organ in the Decapod Crustaceans," are very valuable. The reviews, though long, are somewhat carelessly executed, and seem in one or two instances to be rather the result of foregone conclusions than careful examination of the works noticed. Possibly the reviewer adopted Sidney Smith's maxim, that the only method of giving an impartial critique is by confining one's study of the work to its cover and title-page. The "Quarterly Chronicle" and the transactions of the Microscopical Society, which complete the volume, will be found profitable reading both to workers and amateurs.

The *Geological Magazine* is not behind in the race of scientific periodicals with which, in this age of cheap literature, society is flooded. Professor Owen presents us with a paper on "Anthrakerpeton, crassostemum," a new reptile from the coal. The specimen

which the Professor has examined was found by Mr. J. E. Lee in the coal-beds of Llantrissant, Glamorganshire, and appears to be characterized by the possession of bones whose walls are exceedingly dense and thick. The writer concludes, from such evidence as has been hitherto submitted to him, that the species "belonged to that low, probably primitive air-breathing type, which, with developmental conditions of the bones like those in some fishes, and very common in Devonian fishes, showed forms of the skeleton more resembling those of Saurian reptiles than are attained by any of the more specialized Batrachian air-breathers of the present day." This paper is illustrated by two handsome lithographic page-plates, in one of which, however, we regret to observe that the structure of bone is not so clearly indicated as we should desire. Professor R. Jones's article on "Some Points in Geology as seen to-day" is highly suggestive, especially if it be true, as the writer's friend alleges, that "his microscope shows Eozoan structure in some of the green and white marble of Connemara." Speaking of the latest addition to Palæontology—the *Eozoön Canadense*—Mr. Jones observes:—"There are two things to be remembered: 1st. It owes its preservation to the silicates of magnesia, alumina, &c., having filled its tubes and chambers in that old sea, just as silicate of iron, alumina, &c., fills similar shells in the sea to-day, the water yielding different salts at different periods. 2ndly. These similar shells of the present and past live at great depths, covering the sea-bed there, and heaping lime and silicates that can be preserved alone when the ocean-flow has been upraised with its gradually augmented coatings, and fashioned as dry land." That this, or a very similar, set of conditions must have existed, no geologist can doubt for a moment; and, assuming its truth, Professor Jones concludes that *Eozoön* must have grown and lived in one part of an ocean which, in another, may have borne manifold and higher species, and have buried them in sands and mud that have since lost all form and feature by the metamorphism of age and pressure, or which "were altogether shorn away by wave and weather when the old ocean-bed was lifted up." Mr. Rose's paper on the "Valley-deposits of the Nar," Mr. Rofe's article on a "New Species of *Actinocrinus* from the Mountain-limestone of Lancashire," and Mr. G. E. Roberts's communication on "Pre-Cambrian Rocks," with the customary abstracts and reviews, complete a very interesting issue of this Magazine.

The *Popular Science Review* presents a "contents page" of more than usual attraction, inasmuch as we find in it a list of articles on subjects of general scientific interest, by men distinguished in their several departments. The first article, which is from the pen of Robert Hunt, of the "School of Mines," is upon the Source of Heat in the Sun, and details much that up to this was imprisoned in the pages of English and foreign journals. The appearance of the edge of the sun's disk during eclipse is graphically described. "The excrescences assume various shapes, sometimes appearing like mountain-ranges, often like gigantic flags streaming upon steady winds; then again they appear like clouds, and not unfrequently assume fantastic shapes, which have been compared to falling trees and to boomerangs." "These masses of matter, whatever they may be, are of enormous size; many of them, it has been calculated, stood out from the edge of the sun to distances of 40,000 to 50,000 miles." Baron Liebig, the father of modern chemistry and scientific agriculture, contributes a paper upon a substitute for human milk for infants. This is a subject well worthy of consideration. It not unfrequently happens that from various circumstances a mother is prevented suckling her child; in such cases ordinary cow's milk will not suffice to replace the secretion of the parent, and a wet-nurse is discovered; but, after all, who knows what germs of future disease that woman may transmit to the unhappy nursing? To avoid this danger, the Baron has devised a species of artificial milk, which is equally nutritious as the human secretion, and, as tested in the case of his own grandchildren, whose use is attended with most beneficial results. Professor Williamson, the author of the splendid monograph on "Foraminifera," published by the "Ray Society," gives a contribution upon his pet subject, and illustrates it with a very nicely executed plate. Dr. Richardson, so well known for his indefatigable labours in the field of hygiene, and as editor of the *Social Science Review*, gives us an article upon "Waves of Heat and Waves of Death," which is of a most startling character, for it shows us that the diminution of the external temperature a few degrees is invariably accompanied by the death of hundreds (above the average) of the population. This is so true that the philosopher can, by mere inspection of his thermometer, predicate the number of deaths (relatively), the ages of the various members of the population being known. The wave of temperature, says the Doctor, rolling over a given population, finds a certain number of persons of all ages and conditions on whom to exert its power. It catches them, too often, when they least expect it. An aged man, with sluggish heart, reclines to sleep in a temperature, say of 50° or 55°. In his sleep—were it quite uninfluenced from without—his heart and his breathing would naturally decline. Gradually, as the night advances, the low wave of heat steals over the sleeper, and the air he was breathing at 55° falls and falls to 40°, or it may be to 35° or 30°. What may naturally follow less than a deeper sleep? Is it not natural that a sleep so profound shall stop the labouring heart? Certainly. The great narcotic never travels without fastening on some victims in this wise—removing them, imperceptibly to themselves, into absolute rest, inertia, until life recommences out of death. Dr. Cobbold's article on Entozoa, Mr. Coultas's "On the Origin of our Common Vegetables," Dr. Bond's "On the Origin of Spa-waters," all merit perusal. The reviews, and about forty pages of summary of the quarter's progress in various departments of science, occupy the rest of the present number. The illustrations, we regret to perceive, though most of them from Mr. West's press, do not possess their usual excellence.

Of the *Journal of Botany* we have been forced occasionally to speak in somewhat disparaging terms. We are glad, therefore, to be able to say that this month's issue meets our fullest approbation. The new Irish orchid, *Neotinea intacta*, receives a notice from Dr. Reichenbach, in which this botanist gives a careful description of the

* Leaves from the Note-Book of a Chief of Police. By A. Hughes, Chief of the Bath Force. London: Virtue, Brothers.

arrangement of the floral organs in this genus. Mr. Clark offers some useful and original remarks upon the morphology of the Cruciferae. By far the most interesting and longest contribution is a translation of Dr. F. Unger's lecture "On the Sunken Island of Atlantis;" a subject which is handled in a most masterly manner, and must receive a kindly greeting from both classical and scientific students.

The proprietors of the *Fisherman's Magazine* have determined, while raising the price of that journal, to issue with each future number a plate, printed in silver or gold, and tinted. In the present number, the idea has been very successfully carried out. The representation of the dace is admirably executed in the best style of silver lithography, and certainly when the page is placed at some distance from the eye, a veritable fish stands out with the most exquisite stereoscopic effect. The letter-press, with the exception of a paper on "Angling in Ireland Fifty Years ago," and another on "Fishing in Australia," is heavier than usual, and the final illustration is suggestive of too coarse a species of humour to please our taste.

The *Ophthalmic Review* has evidently proved a successful venture, or we should not find the names of so many ophthalmologists of note scattered throughout its pages, either as authors of original communications or as correspondents. Gräfe's clinical lecture on cataract will be much read, and Dr. Liebreich's record of a case of "Pigment in the Optic Disk" is worthy the attention of all who love the curiosities of eye-science. The Retrospect of British and Foreign Journals does its compiler infinite credit; but we cannot say as much for the writers of some of the reviews. A rather long notice of Professor Donders' late work is given, in which, however, we find little more than the result of a huge scissors-and-paste operation. The writer has confined himself almost entirely to making selections from the book, and in some instances embodying them in his own language. The most important part of the whole volume is that which relates to the physiology of accommodation; and, though Donders' views on this subject are unsupported by the faintest title of anatomical evidence, and are based upon a few very equivocal optical experiments, his reviewer does not question them for a moment.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Railway, Banking, Mining, Insurance, and Commercial Almanack for 1865. (Railway Record Office.)—The design with which the originators of this useful publication set out was to supply "more substantial and nourishing information than that usually found in almanacks." Last year's issue was the first, and it was received with the popularity its contents merited. Success has induced the proprietors to enlarge their operations, and this year's publication is as much in advance of its predecessor as that was ahead of its contemporaries. Besides the ordinary information common to this class of literature, the *Railway Almanack* contains a series of valuable papers on Railways, Banks, Financial Companies, Mining, Cotton, Assurance, and Agriculture. Mr. William Page Smith is the editor, and his name is sufficient attestation to the valuable character of the information supplied. Notably among these essays stand "Trade and Finance of 1864," and "The British, Home, and Colonial Empire considered in its Mutual Relations," by Lieutenant-Colonel F. P. Kennedy. We do not doubt that "the merchant, the manufacturer, and the general public," will appreciate this interesting record of the material interests of the United Kingdom.

The Post Office London Directory for 1865 (Kelly & Co.), and the *Irish Almanack and Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for 1865* (Alexander Thom, Dublin), are on our table. They present all their accustomed features of usefulness, and are truly wonderful monuments of industry, intelligence, and research; but we do not observe in either any novelty calling for special notice.

Dramatic Almanack for 1865. By J. W. Anson. (Arliss & Co.)—Mr. Anson is the Secretary of the Royal Dramatic College, and of the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund; and he has here collected a large amount of useful information on subjects connected with the stage. The profits of his little publication (which sells for sixpence) are given to the Fund; and we trust it may find a large and remunerative sale.

The Garden Oracle and Floricultural Year Book, 1865. Edited by Shirley Hibberd, F.R.H.S. (Groombridge & Sons.)—The name of Mr. Hibberd is sufficient guarantee of the worth and reliability of the information contained in this small, but crowded, volume. We therefore leave it in the hands of those of our readers who keep gardens, or contemplate doing so in the year that is now beginning.

Money: a Popular Exposition in Rough Notes. With Remarks on Stewardship and Systematic Beneficence. By T. Binney. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.)—It might be thought at first sight that here was a treatise on the science of money, from the famous "What is a Pound?" point of view. This, however, would be a great mistake. The author is the Rev. Mr. Binney, the well-known Dissenting minister, and the little volume which he now puts forth is a collection of sermons on the morals of money, the sin of covetousness, the proper use of riches, &c. Mr. Binney is animated with a truly Christian spirit, and his remarks are sensible and well felt; yet, after reading a few pages, one cannot help seeing that the quality of his mind is somewhat common-place, and that he has nothing to say on his subject which would not naturally suggest itself to most persons.

Bible Words for Daily Use. Selected and Arranged by the Author of "Sunset Thoughts." (Knight & Son.)—This is a selection of passages from the Bible for every day of the year; but we must confess we do not understand the principle on which the selection has been made, or why so very elaborate and complex a grouping has been adopted. Such of our readers who consult the book may be more astute than ourselves.

We have also received the January numbers of the *Dublin University Magazine*, *Good Words*, and the *Sunday at Home*;—the Parts for 1864 of the *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Review*;—and the *Sessional Papers for 1864-5* (Part I., Nos. 3-4) of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THERE is a rumour from Wardour-street, the highway of that wonderful trinket quarter which Mr. Thackeray used to speak of as "dear Sohovia," that Mr. Gladstone has long been a student of ancient saucers, and an examiner of old tea-cups—although not in the fortune-telling sense—and that we may shortly expect a learned history of china, pottery, and other ware, from his pen. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has long been known as an enthusiastic collector of old china, and it is understood that, besides anecdotes of these tea-table ornaments, we are to have from him more learning upon the subject than is supplied by either Marryatt or any other writer.

The *North American Review*, the most respectable critical journal issued in the United States, will, in future, be published by Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS, of Boston. Under the editorial management of the author of the "Biglow Papers," it has attained a greatly-increased circulation during the past twelve months. The last number received has articles on "Ocean Steam Navigation," "The Indian System," "Goldwin Smith," "Recent Italian Comedy," "Baron Steuben," "The Conditioned and Unconditioned," "The Life of William Blake," "Nathaniel Hawthorne," and "The General Election." Some years ago, this Review was guilty of a mistake which astonished European readers when it reached Paris and London. In commenting upon some pamphlets put forth by Count Libri in justification of his character against the charges of the French Government, and certain aspersions of men in authority who were not friendly to him, it concluded several pages of fine writing by remarking that, driven from his native land, he sought refuge in congenial France, but that there the despotic Governments of the Continent would not let him stay; so he had to fly to Britain, where he "died, an exile on a foreign shore." When his death-knell reached London, the Count was quietly engaged in the peaceful avocation of book and manuscript-collecting, and the dreary picture of the outlaw's decease in a strange land was found to be an American concoction. The Count, in his pamphlets of remonstrance, certainly spoke forth with some warmth, and it was this ardour—this swinging of the arm and gesticulating in print—which led the phlegmatic Boston editor to come to the conclusion that nothing but transportation could make a man talk so, and that with such talk he must give up the ghost very quickly. He knew that his article would not be printed and published for some weeks; so he thought there was no harm in anticipating the direful event.

There is a good deal of speculation in English literary circles as to the probable translator of the French Emperor's "Vie de Cæsar." It is said that several eminent authors have gone from London to Paris to apply for the permission, but that up to the present moment no appointment has been made. The day of publication for the first volume is fixed for the 10th of next month, and, as it is the Emperor's wish that it should appear simultaneously in French, German, and English, there is not very much time left for the task. M. Fröhner, Conservateur of the Library at the Louvre, has done the German translation. Vol. I. will be devoted to the geographic and archæologic description of Cæsar's campaign in Gaul.

It is said that the collection of books formed by the late J. R. McCulloch, the eminent political economist, has just been sold to Lord Overstone for the sum of £5,000. One who knows the library well avers that it was a good bargain for both parties. Mr. McCulloch had been for thirty years an indefatigable collector; every book in his library was a choice, well-selected copy of the best edition. The library has an additional value through the fact that Mr. McCulloch had made a very excellent catalogue of the collection, under the title: "A Catalogue of Books, the property of a Political Economist, with Critical and Bibliographical Notices, royal 8vo., VIII., pp. 390, London, 1862." Only a few privileged friends had the honour of receiving a copy from Mr. McCulloch, and with the following injunction:—"It is particularly requested that this book not be lent, nor leave given to make extracts from it."

Mr. Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith" and well-known author, has been appointed United States Consul at Birmingham.

Continental papers say that all the posthumous papers, with the exception of the Memoirs, of Heinrich Heine have just been bought for the Austrian Government. Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, concluded the purchase of these important literary remains from the poet's widow, who is residing in the French capital. The widow is to receive an annuity of 3,000*fr.* for life, as the price of her husband's papers.

A "History of the Royal (Worcester) Porcelain Works" is announced for early publication by Mr. Quaritch. The labour has just been completed by Mr. R. W. Bennis. His work gives the history for one hundred years, the author having had unusual opportunities for investigating the circumstances connected with the origin and subsequent history of these works. The book will be embellished with numerous wood-engravings.

At a recent meeting of the Mexican Scientific Commission in Paris, M. Durny in the chair, a letter was read from the Abbé Brasseur de Bourgoing, who is now exploring the province of Yucatan, and who has discovered in a private library at Merida an old manuscript vocabulary of the Maya language, of which he intends sending a copy to Europe. At this meeting, it was decided that a collection of documents on Mexico, which are the result of ten years' research undertaken by M. Aubin, a member of the society, should be published forthwith.

The approaching publication of M. Mocquard's *Memoirs* is announced. They are got up with a view to justify the *coup d'état*, and the home policy of the French Emperor.

During the week, Mr. Halliwell, the eminent Shakesperian scholar and collector, has been inviting the attention of connoisseurs and students to the proof of Droeshout's portrait of Shakespeare, which he has lately discovered. The extraordinary condition of this engraving doubtless renders it unique.

The festivities of Christmas are not favourable to bookmaking, and the pedestrian passing through Paternoster-row about the middle of December would scarcely recognise the comparatively deserted place a month later. A good deal of this activity, however, is owing to nursery literature, to the shoal of books that appear under the protecting shade of the late "Peter Parley," and to the movable toy-volumes with which Messrs. Dean, Darton, Routledge, and others stock our bazaar-stalls. A week or two after the festive season, the substantial literary promises of the spring season are made known by the publishers.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.'S list of new works in the press includes "Notes on Brazilian Questions," by W. D. Christie, late her Majesty's Minister in Brazil; "Dante's Comedy—The Hell, translated into Literal Blank Verse," by W. M. Rossetti, with Introduction and Notes; "Le Morte Arthur, edited from the Harleian MS. 2252 in the British Museum, by F. J. Farnivall, M.A., Cambridge, with a Prefatory Essay on Arthur by the late Herbert Coleridge; "Essays in Criticism," by Matthew Arnold, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford; "St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians," a Revised Text, with Notes and Dissertations, by J. B. Lightfoot, D.D.; "The Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament," by the Rev. T. D. Bernard, forming the volume of the Bampton Lectures for 1863; a first volume of "A Critical History of Christian Literature and Doctrine, from the Death of the Apostles to the Nicene Council," by James Donaldson; "The Glory of God in Man," by E. H. Gifford, D.D.; "Brief Notes on the Greek of the New Testament," by the Rev. Francis Trench; and other works already announced.

Amongst the forthcoming works of the Messrs. MACMILLAN, we must not omit to mention the new volume of travels now printing under the superintendence of the author, Mr. Palgrave, brother of the editor of the *Golden Treasury* series of poems, which has attained so deserved a popularity. It is now stated that, when Mr. Palgrave read his curious sketch of his wanderings in Arabia before the Geographical Society last year, it was generally assumed that the volume entitled "Rambles in the Syrian Deserts," published by Mr. Murray, contained the details of his travels. This, however, as is now well known, was a mistake. Mr. Palgrave promises his book in the spring, under the title of "Central and Eastern Arabia." The volume, if we are to judge from the brief sketch read at the Geographical Society's meeting, will be one of the most remarkable of traveller's stories since the days of Burckhardt. In the guise of a Christian physician of Damascus, Mr. Palgrave travelled from Gaza to Riadh, the capital of the Wahabite kingdom, where he remained for seven weeks in constant intercourse with the king, the nobles, and other people of the place. Hence he had to fly for his life. He then proceeded to Oman, the dominion of the prince usually called the Imaum of Muscat. Here also he remained for a considerable time, and at length returned to Bagdad. His journey occupied in all nearly eleven months; and the route and the places visited are of the greatest possible interest to us, though hitherto almost entirely unknown to the Western world.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD & SONS have in preparation, and will shortly issue, "Tony Butler," a story in 3 volumes, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*; "Sedgeley Court," a tale, by the author of "Fanny Hervey," 3 vols.; and two volumes entitled, "The Great Governing Families of England," by J. Langton Sandford and Meredith Townsend, originally published in the *Spectator*.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL'S new volume of their five shilling series of standard and popular authors is a reprint of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's "Cardinal Pole;" and to their two shilling select library they add Mr. Trollope's tale of "Gertrude, or Family Pride."

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT are preparing for publication this month, "A Journey from London to Persepolis, including Wanderings in Georgia, Daghestan, Armenia, and Persia," by J. Ussher, Esq., 8vo., with numerous coloured illustrations; "Christian's Mistake," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," 1 vol.; "Haunted London," by Walter Thornbury, with illustrations by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.; and "Shattered Idols," a novel.

MESSRS. MOXON, of Dover-street, who appear to be putting forth some of the publishing spirit which formerly characterized their house, announce for immediate publication "St. Thomas à Becket," and other Poems, by John Poyer, author of "Anti-Colenso," &c.; also, another volume of Poems, entitled "Evenings in Arcadia," by Henry Talbot.

MESSRS. MAXWELL & CO. announce as in the press, for publication this month, a new novel, by Henry J. Byron, entitled, "Paid in Full," 3 vols.; "Shakespeare, his Inner Life, as intimated in his writings," by John A. Heraud; "Mercedes," a novel by Sir C. F. Lascelles Wrayall, Bart. (3 vols.); "Jack Scudamore's Daughter," by Folkestone Williams (3 vols.); "Put to the Test," a novel (3 vols.); and "The Hawkshaws," by M. A. Bird (2 vols.).

The publishers of the *Englishman's Magazine*, Messrs. RIVINGTON & CO., of Waterloo-place, announce the following new publication as in the press:—"The Age and the Gospel;" Four Sermons, by Daniel Moore, author of "Thoughts on Preaching;" and "Household Prayer, from Ancient and Authorized Sources, with Morning and Evening Readings from the Gospels and Epistles for each day of the month," by the Rev. P. G. Medd, sanctioned for use in his diocese by the Bishop of Oxford.

Messrs. A. & C. BLACK will publish very shortly a volume entitled *St. Paul at Athens*, by W. L. Alexander, D.D.; also, "Primitive

Marriage, or the Form of Caputure in Marriage Ceremonies," by J. F. McLennan, Advocate.

MESSRS. EDMONSTON & DOUGLAS'S list of new works in the press comprises "Forest Sketches, Deer-stalking, and other Sports in the Highlands, Fifty Years Ago," with Illustrations by Gourlay Steell, R.S.A., in 1 vol.; and "Frost and Fire, Natural Engines, Tool-Marks, and Chips, with Sketches drawn from Nature," 2 vols.

DUNOD & CO. announce a second edition of a standard work, whose merits have been unanimously acknowledged—"Le Traité d'Architecture," by M. Léonce Reynaud, Inspector-General of Ponts et Chaussées, and Professor of Architecture at the Ecole Polytechnique.

GUILLAUMIN & CO. announce the following works:—"Manuel d'Economie Politique," by M. Baudrillart, of the Institut; "Traité des Brevets d'Invention," by M. Renouard, Councillor of the Cour de Cassation; and "Le Paupérisme et les Associations de Prévoyance," by M. Emile Laurent (a second edition).

M. André Léo has written a new novel, published by A. FAURE & Co., which is highly spoken of by the French press. It bears the name of "Les Deux Filles de M. Pichon," and is said to be equal to "Sibylle" and "Mademoiselle la Quintinie."

The first volume of the "Annuaire Philosophique" has just appeared. It is a complete *résumé* of the philosophical movements of 1864 in France and abroad, and contains a critical and impartial review of the principal works on physiology, metaphysics, and morals, which have been published during the year.

A new work for the acquisition of the French language by the Turks has just appeared in Constantinople, entitled, "Mejmonai Musa hibet."

M. Ferdinand Cannière has brought out a learned and interesting work, entitled "De la Médecine Naturelle chez Anciens et les Modernes, considérée surtout au Point de Vue de la Thérapeutique."

A young French author, M. L. Haumond, said to be of almost princely birth, has made his *début* by a work called, "Avant-hier et Aujourd'hui," a novel favourably spoken of.

A playful *mot* is attributed to M. Berryer *à propos* of Müller's trial. "The prisoner," said the great advocate, "ought to have been acquitted without calling any witnesses to prove an *alibi*. Parce que tout le monde savait qu'il était ailleurs [tailleur.]"

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Angelo (Michael), *Life of*. By H. Grimm. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 4s.
 Beamish (R.), *The Psychonomy of the Hand*. 4to., 7s. 6d.
 Bell (Major E.), *The Mysore Reversion*. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.
 Bellew (Rev. J. C. M.), *Blount Tempest*. 2nd edit. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Bernard (Rev. T. H.), *Bampton Lectures, 1864*. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Bird (M. A.), *The Hawkshaws*. Fcap., 2s.
 Bolton (Abby), *Life of*. New edit. 18mo., 2s.
 Book of Common Prayer (The), with Ritual Song. Fcap., 15s.
 Carpenter (Mary), *Our Convicts*. Vol. II. 8vo., 7s.
 Cates (W.), *Pocket Date Book*. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Children's Friend (The), 1861-64. 1 vol. Small 4to., 6s.
 Christian's Mistake. By the Author of "John Halifax." Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Clark (Rev. W. R.), *The Comforter: Sermons*. Fcap., 4s.
 Coulthart (J. R.), *Equation Interest Tables*. 8vo., £1. 2s. 6d.
 Davidson (G.), *Legend of St. Swithin*. 4to., 5s.
 De Wavrin (J.), *Recueil des Chroniques*. Edited by W. Hardy. Royal 8vo., 10s.
 ——— Ditto. Translated by ditto. Royal 8vo., 10s.
 Dublin University Calendar, 1865. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Emerald Wreath (The). Imperial 16mo., 3s. 6d.
 Evans (J.), *Leaves in Season: Poems*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Fletcher (Lucy), *Thoughts of a Girl's Life*. 2nd edit. Fcap., 4s. 6d.
 Galbraith (J. A.), *Manual of the Steam-Engine*. Fcap., 3s.
 Gibbon (C.), *The Dead Heart*. Fcap., 2s.
 Gifford (E. H.), *The Glory of God in Man*. Sermons. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Gouraud (J.), *Adventures of a Watch*. 16mo., 1s. 6d.
 Greenwood (T.), *Cathedra Petri*. Books XII. and XIII. 8vo., 14s.
 Hemyng (B.), *The Orange Girl*. Fcap., 2s.
 Hough (L.), *Hits*. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Hughes (W.), *The Construction of Maps*. New edit. 12mo., 5s.
 Hymns and Pictures. 2nd Series. Oblong 4to., 4s.
 ———, complete in 1 vol. 8s.
 Jessopp (A.), *Manual of Greek Accidence*. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Joint Stock Companies' Directory, 1865. 8vo., 21s.
 Kempt (R.), *American Joe Miller*. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Leask (W.), *Lays of the Future*. 2nd edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Ledwick (T. and E.), *Human Anatomy*. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Lever (C.), *Harry Lorrequer*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Lucas (W.), *Tables for Finding Longitude*. Royal 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Ludlow (J. M.), *Woman's Work in the Church*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Main (T. J.) and Brown (T.), *Marine Steam-Engine*. 5th edit. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit. Vol. X. 8vo., 7s.
 One Week of Time. 18mo., 1s.
 Parker's (Theodore) Works. Edited by F. P. Cobbe. Vol. X. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Patterson (E. H.), *Economy of Capital*. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Phillips (Rev. J. E.), *Seven Common Faults*. Fcap., 1s.
 Public Schools Calendar, 1865. 12mo., 6s.
 Railways: a Letter to the President of the Board of Trade. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Redhead (R.), *Accompanying Harmonies to Ritual Music*. 4to., 7s.
 School and Home. New edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Shakespeare, edited by Rev. A. Dyce. New edit. Vol. V. 8vo., 10s.
 Skinner (J. E. H.), *The Tale of Danish Heroism*. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Smith (G.), *History of Wesleyan Methodism*. 4th edit. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Thoms' Irish Almanack and Directory, 1865. 8vo., 10s.
 Tilton (T.), *Edwy and Elgiva. A Tragedy*. Small 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Toovey (A. D.), *Eden, and other Poems*. Fcap., 6s.
 Trotter (L. J.), *Studies in Biography*. 8vo., 12s.
 Vaughan (Rev. C. J.), *Plain Words on Christian Living*. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Week (A) in the Country with Bella Seldon. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Wells (T. S.), *Diseases of the Ovaries*. Part I. 8vo., 9s.
 Whibley's Shilling Court Directory, 1865. 8vo., 1s.
 Wilson (J. E.), *Elsie*. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Woolnoth (T.), *The Study of the Human Face*. Royal 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Wordsworth (W.), *The Excursion*. New edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Wright (T.), *History of Caricature*. Small 4to., 21s.
 Year Book (The) of Photography, 1865. Cr. 8vo., 1s.

GRATIS with the Number for January 7th, a THIRTY-TWO PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing the Literary Year on the Continent, the Progress of Science, Art, Music, and the Drama, during the Year 1864.

With the Number for Saturday, December 31st, 1864, was published, GRATIS, a TWENTY-FOUR PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing the Religious Year, and the Literary Year.

Price 4d. Stamped, 6d.

THE LONDON REVIEW

POLITICS, SOCIETY, LITERATURE, ART, & SCIENCE.
Published every Saturday. 32 pages. Price Fourpence.

CONTENTS OF No. 236, JANUARY 7, 1864:—

REVIEW OF POLITICS.

The Princess Mary.
The Vermont Raiders.
Naval Gunnery.
Starved to Death in 1864.
The Wreck of the "Racehorse."
The Accident at Dundee.
The Fight for the Championship.

THE CHURCH:—

The Irish Church Agitation Meeting.
Tractarian Dissent.
The Church Institution in Ireland.
Dr. Colenso at Claybrook.

FINE ARTS:—

The London Theatres.—Christmas Pieces.

SCIENCE.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—

The Royal Insurance Company.
The Joint Stock Companies' Directory.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

The War in America.
The Life of Robert Stephenson.
Theological Works.
Mr. Hollingshead's Essays.
The Brookes of Bridlemere.
Englishwomen in India.
Going to the Dogs.
Nelly Deane.
Among the Mountains.
Short Notices.
Mr. Thackeray's Boyhood.
Literary Gossip.
List of New Publications for the Week.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to ISAAC SEAMAN, Publisher, 11, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

The INDEX to Vol. IX. is Issued with this week's Number.

All Back Numbers of the LONDON REVIEW may be had direct from the Office on receipt of Stamps, or from any Newsagent.

The LONDON REVIEW can also be had, bound in cloth, as follows:—
Vol. I., 10s.; Vol. II., 13s.; Vol. III., 16s.; Vol. IV., 16s.; Vol. V., 16s.; Vol. VI., 12s. 6d.; Vol. VII., 12s. 6d. Vol. VIII. (January to June, 1864) is now ready, price 12s. 6d.

Cases for binding the Volumes, and Reading Cases, price 1s. 6d. each, may also be had.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1809.

FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE BUSINESS of every description transacted at moderate rates.

The Duty paid by this Company in 1863 amounted to £60,772.
The usual Commission allowed on Ship and Foreign Insurances.
Insurers will receive the full benefit of the reduction in duty.

CAPITAL	£2,000,000
ANNUAL INCOME	497,263
ACCUMULATED FUNDS	2,233,927

London—Head Offices, 61, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
West-end Office, 8, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND.—The LARGEST MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY IN THE WORLD. DIVIDES THE WHOLE PROFITS, INCLUDING THE GUARANTEE FUND, AMONG THE ASSURED.

During the Society's first half-century, now terminating, the Members have enjoyed the greatest advantages, and the Society's present position and system hold out the most encouraging prospects of benefit to the assured.

COMPARISON BETWEEN PREMIUMS PAID AND BONUSES DECLARED.
PER £100 ASSURED, AT AGE 30.

	Policy dated 1855	Policy dated 1845	Policy dated 1835	Policy dated 1825	Policy dated 1815
Annual Bonus.....	£1 14 11	£1 10 10	£2 7 1	£2 10 5	£3 2 1
Annual Premium..	2 11 9	2 11 9	2 11 9	2 11 9	2 11 9

Thus, in addition to payment of the sums assured, the Society has in many instances returned the whole, and more than the whole, of the premiums; while, in all other cases, very large proportions have been returned.

BUSINESS POSITION.

Sums Assured	£12,150,000
Invested Funds.....	4,070,000
Annual Revenue	600,000

SAMUEL RALEIGH, Manager.
J. J. P. ANDERSON, Secretary.

Head Office, Edinburgh, 9, St. Andrew-square.

THE MONTH'S GRACE

allowed for Completion of Assurances for Participation in the Profits (and Guarantee Fund) of 1864 will expire on 31st January. Proposals lodged after that day cannot be included in the List of 1864.

LONDON AGENTS.

CHIEF AGENT—Hugh M'Kean, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, E.C.
LOCAL AGENTS—Major R. S. Ridge, 49, Pall-mall.
Benton Seeley, Bookseller, Islington-green.
Robertson & White, 2, Moorgate-street, E.C.

IMPERIAL MERCANTILE CREDIT ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders in this Association will be held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, in the City of London, on MONDAY, the 23rd day of January, 1865, at TWELVE o'clock at noon precisely, for the purpose of receiving the Report of the Directors and statement of Accounts, of declaring a Dividend, and for general purposes. At this Meeting the election of Two Auditors for the ensuing year will take place.

By order of the Board,

W. C. WINTERBOTTOM, Secretary.

Crosby House, 95, Bishopsgate-street, 10th January, 1865.

ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—NOTICE to BONDHOLDERS.—In conformity with the terms on which the FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS of the PENNSYLVANIA SECTION of this Railroad were issued to the Public, the SECOND ANNUAL DRAWING of 4 per cent. of the gross amount of these Bonds will take place at the Office of Mr. E. F. Satterthwaite, 38, Throgmorton-street, in the presence of Mr. Grain, Public Notary, on THURSDAY, January the 19th, 1865, at One o'clock precisely.

The authorized issue is as under, viz:—

2,000 Bonds of \$1,000 each	\$2,000,000
600 " 500 "	300,000
2,000 " 100 "	200,000
	\$2,500,000

Four per cent. of each denomination will be drawn on the above day, and the Bonds so drawn that have been issued in London will be paid off at the rate of £225 for every 1,000-dollar Bond, £112. 10s. for every 500-dollar Bond, and £22. 10s. for every 100-dollar Bond, on presentation at the Company's Office, No. 2, Old Broad-street, E.C., on and after 1st April next, in addition to the Coupon due on that day, after which all interest will cease.

On payment, the drawn Bonds will be cancelled in the presence of a public notary.

Offices, 2, Old Broad-street, London, E.C., Jan. 4, 1865.

GEOLOGY.—King's College, London.—Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence a Course of WEDNESDAY EVENING LECTURES on GEOLOGY, from 8 to 9. First Lecture, Jan. 25th. Fee, £1. 1s. And a more extended Course on Wednesday and Friday Mornings, from 9 to 10. First Lecture, Friday, Jan. 27th. This Course will be continued to May.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

FOR FAMILY ARMS.—NOTICE.—Just complete, a valuable INDEX, containing the Arms, Crests, and Mottoes of nearly every family in England, Scotland, and Ireland; the result of thirty years' labour. Extracted from public and private records, church windows, monumental brasses, and other places, all over the kingdom. Families desirous of knowing their correct crest, should send name and county. Plain sketch, 3s. 6d.; coloured, 6s. Arms, Crest, and Motto beautifully painted, with heraldic description, 12s. Pedigrees traced, the origin of Family Names; Wills searched; Arms impaled and quartered. The Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 6d., post-free, by T. CULLETON, Genealogist, and Lecturer on Heraldry, 25, Cranbourn-street, corner of St. Martin's-lane.

JUST PUBLISHED, in Relief Printed in various Colours, the following Monograms, Crests, &c., suitable for albums:—

2 Sheets.—The Monograms, Arms, and Crowns of the Queen, the late Prince Consort, and all the Royal Family.
5 Sheets.—The Monograms and Crowns of the Emperor, all the French Royal Family, and Nobility of France.

6 Sheets.—The Arms of every Archbishop of Canterbury, from 1070 to 1864.

5 Sheets.—Ditto, Archbishops of York, 1070 to 1864.

4 Sheets.—The Arms of every College in Oxford and Cambridge.

15 Sheets.—The Crests and Mottoes used by Her Majesty's Regiments throughout the world.

11 Sheets.—The Crests and Mottoes used by the British Navy.

6 Sheets.—The Arms, Supporters, and Coronets of every Duke and Marquis.

90 Sheets.—The Coronets, Monograms, and Arms of Earls, Barons, and British Commoners, many of which are from original manuscripts at the College of Arms, British Museum, church monuments, and other places.

This rare and valuable collection of Family Crests, never before known to the public, is sold at 1s. per sheet; 12 sheets, 9s.; 12 dozen sheets, £3. 12s., being the whole series of 1,728 different Crests, post-free. By T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver and Diesinker by appointment to Her Majesty, 30th April, 1852; to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; and Her Majesty's Government, 25, Cranbourn-street, corner of St. Martin's-lane.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE, for Engraving Arms on Stone, Steel, and Silver, according to the law, of Garter and Ulster King-at-Arms, by Authority. Crest on Seals or Rings, 7s. 6d.; Book-Plate engraved with Arms and Crest, 15s.; Crest-Plate, 5s.—T. CULLETON, Engraver to the Queen, by authority (April 30, 1852), and Diesinker to the Board of Trade, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S SOLID GOLD SIGNET-RINGS, 18-carat, Hall-marked, engraved with any Crest, 42s.; ditto, very massive, for Arms, Crest, and Motto, £3. 15s. The Hall-mark is the only guarantee for pure gold.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S PATENT LEVER EMBOSSEING PRESSES, 21s., for Stamping Paper with Crest, Arms, or Address. Any person can use them. Carriage paid.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S VISITING-CARDS.—Fifty, best quality, 1s., post-free. Engraving a Copper-plate, in any style, 1s. Wedding-Cards, 50 each, for Lady and Gentleman, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name printed inside, all complete, 13s. 6d. Carriage Paid.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF STATIONERY. No Charge for Engraving Die with Crest or Motto, Monogram or Address (as charged for by other houses), if an order be given for a ream of the best paper, and 500 best envelopes to match, all stamped free and carriage paid for 21s.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S PLATES for MARKING LINEN prevent the ink spreading, and never washes out. Initials, 1s. each; Name, 2s. 6d.; Set of Numbers, 2s. 6d.; Crest, 5s.; with directions, post-free for stamps.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY v. COGNAC BRANDY.—This celebrated old Irish Whisky rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in Bottles, 3s. 8d., at the retail houses in London; by the agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 8, Great Windmill-street, London, W. Observe the real seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

TO BE LET.—AN EXCELLENT FURNISHED VILLA for six, nine, or twelve months, pleasantly situated near the Camden-road, Holloway, N., with good garden. Terms moderate. Well adapted for a small genteel family. Apply, A. Z., 11, Burleigh-street, Strand.